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THE YOUNG PERSON.

It is a well-known principle of pathology that interference with the normal activity of an organ results in functional perversion. The atrophy that follows upon the disuse of one organ may have for a concomitant the excessive development of others, with some form of degeneration as a consequence; or the over-stimulation of one may be accompanied by a weakening of all the others, leading in the end to dissolution. In either case, whether the disturbing physiological factor take the shape of a forced activity here or a suppressed activity there, the result is some development of distinctly morbid type. Now the analogies between the organism of the individual and the larger social organism are always instructive, if philosophically dealt with, and the thought of the past thirty or forty years has been particularly fruitful in applications of this method of comparison. The whole modern science of sociology, for example, may be described as an expansion of this fundamental idea, and gets its most trustworthy results from the intelligent discussion of these analogies. It is our purpose just now to apply to one aspect of literary activity the method in question, and to ask if it may not have some instruction for the critic of contemporary literature.

That reverence is due to the young is one of the most venerable of critical maxims. It has been knocking about in literature ever since its embalmment in one of the satires of Juvenal, and perhaps for longer than that. It has very noticeably influenced the literary production of the present century, but it has not always been wisely apprehended and applied. Let us take a moment to see what has been done with this precept in the case of the two greatest literatures of our time—the French and the English. In both instances there has been at work a sub-conscious instinct that has sought to keep from the contemplation of youthful minds certain parts of human life and certain phases of human emotion. But the instinct has worked itself out in curiously different ways. French books have become sharply differentiated into books for the Young Person and books for the full-grown man or woman. English books, on the other hand, have nearly

all been written, until very lately, with the Young Person carefully in view, and, it would often seem, without any consideration for any other class of readers. These two theories, carried to extremes, have been productive of the most ludicrous results, exemplified, in the one case, by the school-girl editions of "Télémaque" which carefully substitute *amitié* for *amour*; in the other, by such an anecdote as has recently gone the rounds of the newspapers, revealing the fact that a popular magazine of wide circulation in this country does not permit any mention of wine to be made in its pages. And both of these theories, even when kept within bounds, seem to us to have led to an abnormal condition of things in the literatures that have respectively practised them.

We all know Matthew Arnold's hard saying about the French people — that they have devoted themselves to the worship of the great goddess of lubricity. This remark was never meant to be taken without qualification, as many passages of Arnold's critical work show plainly enough. It may be sufficient to instance his judgment of George Sand, pronounced upon hearing of her death. "She was the greatest spirit in our European world from the time that Goethe departed. With all her faults and Frenchisms, she was this." The warmest admirers of that woman of genius will feel that something more than justice is done her by this bit of eulogy, but they will also feel that the man who uttered it must have had strong grounds for what harsh things he at times felt bound to say about modern French literature. That literature doubtless gives undue prominence to one particular form of passion, and doubtless sins against the proprieties more frequently and more conspicuously than any literature ought to do. To revert to the pathological figure of our introductory paragraph, French literature seems, in its treatment of the relations of the sexes, to have suffered a sort of fatty degeneration, and erotic *pâtés de foie* have entered too largely into the daily diet of its consumers. It seems to us quite clear that one of the causes of this abnormal development must be sought for in an unnatural separation of books for the Young Person from books for the Gallic adult. Since (in theory, at least) the Young Person is never supposed to see the books written for his elders, there is no need of writing them *virginibus puerisque*, and all restraint and all reticence are thrown to the winds.

The English theory, of course, has been as

far removed from the French theory as possible. Taking for granted that the Young Person is quite as likely as anybody else to read a book of any sort, all books (broadly speaking) have been written with his needs and limitations in view, and the result has been an emasculated literature, from which discussion of certain subjects has been excluded by as effective a taboo as was ever practised among the South Sea Islanders. Newspaper cant and the censorship of the circulating libraries have so narrowed the scope of nineteenth-century English literature that the future student of Victorian manners and morals will have to go outside of literature to get the facts in proper perspective. These remarks apply with equal force to the English literature produced upon our own side of the Atlantic. The suppression of natural literary activity thus indicated has been correcting itself of late, and in the usual violent way. Unless atrophy has gone so far as to prove fatal, nature usually contrives to reassert herself, and throws the whole organism into disorder by so doing. The last few years have brought realism and plain-speaking back into English literature, and with a vengeance. The dove-cotes of hypocrisy have been fluttered by ominous birds of prey, and the sober-minded, who have all along viewed with apprehension the attempt to keep English literature in a strait-jacket, have stood alternately amused and aghast at the antics with which it has celebrated its newly-acquired liberty.

The problem is certainly a vexatious one. The example of one nation shows us the bad effects of ignoring the Young Person; the example of another furnishes an instructive lesson in the consequences of deferring to him overmuch. Unbounded license is an unquestionable evil; the cramping of ideals, on the other hand, leads to a reaction almost equally evil. Whether the one course be pursued or the other, freedom of literary expression will find its stout champions, as it has already found them in both countries, from Molière to Mr. Swinburne. We do not want a revival of eighteenth century grossness. Mr. Gosse says, in a recent critique, that with Mr. Hardy's latest novel "we have traced the full circle of propriety. A hundred and fifty years ago, Fielding and Smollett brought up before us pictures, used expressions, described conduct, which appeared to their immediate successors a little more crude than general reading warranted. In Miss Burney's hands, and in Miss Austin's,

the morals were still further hedged about. Scott was even more daintily reserved. We came at last to Dickens, where the clamorous passions of mankind, the coarser accidents of life, were absolutely ignored, and the whole question of population seemed reduced to the theory of the gooseberry bush. This was the *ne plus ultra* of decency; Thackeray and George Eliot relaxed this intensity of prudishness; once on the turn, the tide flowed rapidly, and here is Mr. Hardy ready to say any mortal thing that Fielding said, and a great deal more too."

Fortunately, we are not yet forced to take "Jude the Obscure" as typical of our century and literature, although atrocious faults of taste displayed by that book do not stand alone to represent their class. And we cannot agree with Mr. Gosse in saying that to censure such outspokenness "is the duty of the moralist and not the critic." If criticism has any most imperative duty, it is precisely the one so airily disclaimed by this self-constituted spokesman for the craft. And there is not much palliation for such an offence as Mr. Hardy's in the prefatory danger-signal which describes the book as "a novel addressed by a man to men and women of full age." This is the French theory over again, and might be used to cloak all of the French excesses. It seems to us that the real solution of the problem presented by the Young Person must take the form of a compromise, and that a compromise is possible that shall mean neither a loss of virility in literature nor the exposure of the immature to corrupting influences. We need, first of all, to clear our minds of cant on the subject of the supposed ignorance of the Young Person. The Frenchman knows perfectly well that his theory does not work, and that boys and girls read the books they are not supposed to read. The Englishman knows equally well that his theory works no better, and that boys and girls who do not get a knowledge of life from literature get it in other and usually worse ways. Why should we not admit right away that our education is not as frank as it ought to be? With this admission we might couple the plea, on the one hand, for less prudishness than we have been accustomed to put into books likely to fall into the hands of the Young Person; while sternly insisting, on the other hand, that all literature should be clean, that grossness is a thing unpardonable in itself, and not merely for its degrading influence upon a certain possible class of readers. Some such middle ground

as this should be found safe for all the interests concerned; it should result in a literature both strengthened and purified, not losing from view the needs of the Young Person, but rather according them a more rational consideration than they have had hitherto.

TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, DRAMATIST.

(After having read *Henrik Ibsen*, dramatist.)

Forgive me, ample soul, in whom man's joy
Finds room for laughter, as his grief for sighs,
If e'er I leave thee for an hour's emprise
Where live but souls made sick with life's annoy.
I bartered Time's best coin without alloy,
And sailed with him within an inlet's rise
Where stricken ghosts, with tragic voice and guise,
Made thy world seem a dire fantastic toy.
O Ocean, take me back to thee, and fill
My sails once more with elemental breath—
With wind that haunts thy choric world-wide spell;
Some truth may say, "All's well," or "All is ill,"
But on thine azure line 'twixt life and death
The whole of truth speaks clear: "All shall be well."
F. W. GUNSAULUS.

CLASSIC SLANG.

It is a matter of current observation and remark that the slang of to-day is orthodox literature to-morrow. But it is not so commonplace that modern slang can often "point with pride" to most aristocratic lineage away back in classic Greek and Latin. Literature repeats itself, as well as history, and everything else; for they all come from the human soul, itself an eternal unity of variety. This bond between past and present may be illustrated by a few examples out of many.

We moderns are not the first to find things which "make us tired," for Virgil, speaking doubtless from a rich personal experience, complains that "Juno makes earth and Heaven tired." His description of a city riot, in which he says "rocks fly," is twin brother to the reportorial railway strike, wherein coupling-pins always "fly."

Cicero might have been a Roman from Cork, when he speaks of "a power of silver and gold"; and he is forever "t'rowing Cataline out" (of the city).

Cæsar says that Ariovistus "had taken to himself such airs that he seemed unendurable."

Our word "business," which is so convenient to piece out conversational poverty with more or less legitimate uses, is a prime favorite with both Cicero and Cæsar. The following phrases are quite Chicagoese: "An opportune time for finishing the business" (of destroying the enemy's fleet); "What business had Cæsar in Gaul?" "They undertook the business" (of arresting the Allobroges), etc.

Xenophon gives us in Greek the same phrase as Cicero in Latin, for he says, "Tissaphernes threw out others" (of the refugees from the city). He seems like an elder brother when he declares, "I made a find," and "They were like to wonder."

R. W. CONANT.

The New Books.

JUSTICE TO THE MODERN JEW.*

Mrs. Frances Hellman's English translation of M. Leroy-Beaulieu's "Israel among the Nations" will doubtless be widely read in this country. The fame of the original work as the best, because the fairest, most searching, and most critical, study of what is vaguely styled and more vaguely known as the Jewish Question has preceded and paved the way for Mrs. Hellman's admirable version; and there are just now obvious reasons why Americans especially should wish to understand this Jewish Question, and to qualify themselves to judge of its possible bearing upon their own present and future. The main conclusion, probably, that the American reader will draw from M. Leroy-Beaulieu's book is the comfortable one that there is for us no Jewish Question—the conditions which gave rise to that question and tend to perpetuate and inflame it in the Old World not obtaining here. Antisemitism and Jewish particularism are the outwardly dissimilar but really cognate blossoms of a tree foreign to our soil, and unable, when transplanted, to flourish in our social and political atmosphere. The Jew's troubles in the Old World and the chronic "Question" concerning him have been and are rooted in and bound up with his peculiar status—a status primarily thrust upon him from without, and secondarily of his own creation. In every land in which for the past fifteen centuries the son of Jacob has pitched his tent he has been perforce the man without a country, the intruder, a stranger within the gates of the Gentile,—in fine, the man of a race and a religion distinct from the dominant ones about him. Always isolated, usually threatened, and often persecuted, he has naturally tended (to quote an expression of Tolstoi) to curl back upon himself and retreat into the shell of his own exclusiveness. Given these conditions, and the Jewish Question arises of itself. In America the Jew is placed in a new environment. For the first time since he began his wanderings, he finds himself at home—actually in a country he can call his own unchallenged, where his claim to citizenship is flawless, and where his blood and faith are naturally matters of relative indifference to a

mixed and cosmopolitan community. Our national bond is neither racial nor religious, but the broader and humaner one of national consciousness; and we have hitherto freely extended the right of citizenship, with all that the term implies, to whomsoever comes to us—be he Jew or Gentile, bond or free—and says, as Ruth said to Naomi, "Thy people shall be my people." This the Jew has done; and that he now comes to us largely a suppliant, with his hereditary gabardine rent and tattered by bitter blasts of race hatred and persecution, should not constitute his least claim upon our hospitality; nor should the fact that he alone, of all our transplanted fellow-citizens, may in general be said to have left no fatherland behind him, and brought no ancestral patriotism with him, constitute the least warrant of his whole-hearted acceptance of his adopted country. A soil that has never been darkened by the walls of the Ghetto may well be doubly dear to him. For the oppressed Jew of Europe, the promised land lies no longer Jordanwards; he turns his wistful gaze to the far West, to the shores of the new Canaan beyond the Atlantic, at whose portals stands Liberty with flaming torch lighting the way for the oppressed of all nations. And this new promised land once reached, why should he need much time to become attached to it? "It would not surprise me," says M. Leroy-Beaulieu, "if, on disembarking, those Jews were to feel like pressing their lips to the ground, as did their forefathers on reaching the Holy Land." If there is ever to be a Jewish Question in this country, it must be primarily the result of our own apostasy—of our failure to maintain those sublime humanitarian principles which it is France's greatest glory to have first proclaimed to the world, and which the founders of the American Republic, touched with the optimism of their era and nerved by its faith in the intrinsic virtue and high terrestrial destinies of mankind, stamped freely upon their institutions and confidently left to the guardianship of posterity. Generous France, the France of Turgot and of Condorcet, first bade Ahasuerus "Rest"; despotic Russia, at the close of our nineteenth century, bids him take up his wanderer's staff anew. Pelted by the pitiless storm of a new persecution, he bends his steps westward; and his almost pathetic readiness, when he reaches our shores, to be of us, to be like us, to master our ways and our tongue, and to respond like other men to the fusing influence of universal liberty and tolerance, indicate that an American Jewish Ques-

* ISRAEL AMONG THE NATIONS: A Study of the Jews and Antisemitism. By Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. Translated from the French by Frances Hellman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

tion, should it ever arise, will spring from a seed of our planting, not of his.

Turning now to our author, let us glance at a few of his leading facts and positions; and first as to the numbers and distribution of this Semitic remnant which is pointed out as the potent source of the evils that afflict modern society. There are at this period of Israel's greatest dispersal seven or eight millions of Jews scattered among five or six hundred millions of Christians and Moslems—the Russian Empire holding about one-half of all the Jews in the world. Surely the Son of Jacob, looking about him and noting the vast complexity of social phenomena ascribed to him as the efficient cause, may well say, with Æsop's fly, "What a dust do I raise!" Israel's centre of gravity is in ancient Poland, Russia, Roumania, and Austro-Hungary, this district forming a reservoir of Jews whose overflow, always tending westward, is now vastly increased, and threatens to sweep old European and the young American states with a long tidal wave of Jewish immigration. As the numbers and importance of the Jews in western Europe increase, so does the prejudice against them increase. Hence has arisen Antisemitism—a threefold conflict of creed, race, and class. Rooted in antiquity, and partly an atavistic trait, Antisemitism flourishes afresh under favoring conditions; and, being cradled in the new empire of the Hohenzollern, it naturally "plays the pedant," prosed learnedly from the *Katheder*, and covers its barbarous gospel of race-hatred with a modern scientific veneer. While religious antipathy of the vulgar sort counts for little in the movement, one of the main charges brought against the Jew is that he is the born enemy of "Christian civilization"; that he is at work through a thousand occult agencies, noiselessly sapping the foundations of the City of God, and undermining the fair fabric of Christian traditions and institutions. Antisemitism is thus the counterpart of Anticlericalism; it is another *Kulturkampf*, this time instituted by the Clericals as a tactical manœuvre, in the heart of the struggle between the new Empire and the Romish hierarchy, against the foes of "Christian civilization." Sprouting from this germ, the tree of Antisemitism has spread and flourished until its baleful shadow has darkened western Europe—the German-Ultramontane war-cry, "Make front against the New Jerusalem," being echoed widely in Protestant Germany, in Catholic France and Austria, and in orthodox Russia, until Catholic or Sectarian

Slav, Latin, Teuton, and Magyar would seem to have united in this singular movement to put an end to what Antisemitism terms the "judaising" of European states and societies.

Essentially, these vague and grandiose charges against the Jew amount to the sufficiently absurd one that he is the author as well as the main disseminator of what is termed the spirit of the age, of the modern practice of summoning belief to the bar of reason. That this charge is out of all accord with the facts of history—let us add, with the real stature of the modern Jew—is plain. That the rationalistic temper budded in the stifling atmosphere of the Ghetto, and that the spirit of free inquiry was cradled behind the bars of the *Judengasse*, is a proposition, one would think, to stagger even the trained credulity of a Pastor Stoecker; and, as our author observes, it would surely have surprised Voltaire and Diderot to be told that they were only the unconscious agents of the Jews. Small wonder is it that the liberal Israelite, quick to discern his advantage, has ostentatiously accepted the reproach hurled at him from Lutheran pulpits and Russian tribunals, and decked his brow with it as with a garland. But let Israel be content with its matchless glory of having given to the world its religion, its Decalogue, its sublime ideal of human duty. One sees, indeed, many scientific Jews, but nowhere a Jewish science; and inquiry shows us that, in modern times, the Jew has been mainly receptive, not originative; the broker of ideas, not the author of them. "Look at them," said a friend of the author, "see how quickly and with what squirrel-like agility they climb the first rungs of any ladder; sometimes they succeed in scaling the top, but they never add to it a single round." Without wholly accepting this disparaging estimate, may we not agree with M. Leroy Beaulieu that, in the main, the genius of the modern Jew lies in a certain unique facility of adaptation, a talent for grasping the varying gifts of different races and blending them into an eclectic whole which is unlike each yet contains a tincture of all? That there is in high and exceptional cases a new and unique flavor superadded, the lover of Heine, of Mendelssohn, or of Spinoza may well claim. But the origin of the modern world lay neither in the Jew nor in the Jewish spirit. "It was due to the spirit of analysis, of research, to the scientific spirit, whose first teachings came to us, not from Judea, but from Greece; and though, at a later day, the Jews or the Arabs brought them back to us, they have none the less ema-

nated from the Greeks." In all the world there is no man more stubbornly conservative than the talmudic Jew; and the new light that shot in a thousand prismatic rays of verse and prose from the "burning and far-shining spirit of Voltaire" penetrated with the utmost difficulty the chinks in the walls of Ghetto and *Juden-gasse*. Well may Jewish rabbis, viewing with sorrow the sceptical tendencies of their dispersed flock, hurl back at the Gentile the charge of having secularized or "paganized" modern society, and say to him, as Nathan said unto David, "Thou art the man." The reply which the Russian novelist has placed upon the lips of the accused Lithuanian Jew may well be sadly repeated by many of the latter's co-religionists, in the West as well as in the East:

"Our children have no longer our beliefs; they do not say our prayers, nor have they your beliefs; no more do they say your prayers; they do not pray at all, and they believe in nothing."

Neither the distinctive merits, then, of modern civilization, nor the defects of those merits, are of Jewish origin. Let us not reverse the roles of Jew and Gentile.

"Despite the statements of certain Semites, or certain Antisemites — both tending equally to exaggerate the importance of Israel — it is not the Jew who has emancipated Christian thought, but Christian thought, or, if you prefer, Aryan thought, that has emancipated the Jew. . . . Scepticism, nihilism, materialism, so far from being Jewish products, are, in the Jews infected by them, but a sign and a consequence of the closer union of races; they bear witness to the contact of the Jew with ourselves."

Then there is the National Grievance. Not content with de-christianizing his neighbors, the Jew, it seems, threatens to de-nationalize them; and this, in our century, when national feeling counts for so much, is an unpardonable sin. In an evil hour for the sons of Abraham, there was discerned, at the bottom of the Jew, the Semite — the natural antagonist of the Aryan, the blood-foe of that precious *deutsche Kultur* complacently held by the naïve philosophy of history of an ultra-Teutonic school to be the nurse and mother of modern civilization. This profound discovery made, and a weak point in the lines of the liberal attack presenting itself, the signal for a new *Judenhetze* was sounded summoning the defenders of *Germanenthum* to make front against *Judenthum*. The slogan sounded in Germany soon found, as we have seen, an echo beyond her borders; and once more the ominous cry "*Hep! Hep!*" or its modern euphemism, warned the startled Jew of his old fatal status as a stranger — the root of every charge brought against him since the

Babylonian captivity. Antisemitism decks itself and hides its vulgar origin with the specious theory of a pinchbeck social philosophy; and at the heart of this philosophy one detects the old tribal notion that identifies nationality with race.

It is urged that "since every nation is founded on unity of race, and since the Jews are a separate race, they can never belong to any nation." Confronted at this primitive stage of his argument with the fact that not a single modern nation, not even Germany, can justly lay claim to unmixed blood, to a national basis of race-unity, the Antisemitic philosopher widens his concept, and urges that, after all, these superficially diverse ethnic elements constituting modern nations are really homogeneous elements, rays diverging from a common centre, branches of the noble Aryan oak. But is it true that none but Aryan elements have entered into the composition of modern nations? What of the underlying strata of European pre-historic races — of Cro-Magnon or of Neanderthal — which must have been simply covered over, and not obliterated, by Indo-European deposits?

"Nothing warrants the belief that we are all Aryans; the Frenchman or the German who prides himself on his pure Indo-Germanic blood, may have descended from the cave-dwellers. In fact the existence of an 'Aryan race' at the present time is perhaps as purely imaginary as the existence of a 'Latin race.'"

Again, what becomes of this notion of a sharp and antagonistic confrontation of Jew and Aryan upon which Antisemitic theory depends, when we consider that, while it is certain that alien blood, pagan or Christian, flows freely in Jewish veins, it is also certain that Christian nations have, on their side, a marked strain of Jewish blood? Shem and Japhet, supposed to be incapable of blending, have already blended. There is probably not a single modern nation that is quite free from admixture with the Semite; while some of them, like Spain and Portugal, have absorbed so much Jewish blood that they have become "completely impregnated with it." Germany is not exempt; and an ironical destiny may have so ordered it that the Teutonic current in the veins of indignant Pastor Stoecker himself is faintly perfumed with the *fœtor Judaicus*.

"Israel has been like an island whose borders, swept by the waves, have crumbled piecemeal into the ocean, until more than once it seemed threatened with complete submersion. Of all the descendants of Jacob, only a small part, perhaps even only an infinitesimal minority, has remained faithful to the religion of its fathers. The great majority of the twelve tribes have accepted

the yoke of the Cross; they have long since become merged in us; the waters of baptism have swept them out among the nations of the world. We Christians can never be sure that we do not number among our ancestors some unrecognized Northern or Southern Jew."

We cannot here follow further M. Leroy-Beaulieu's elaborate argument, nor even glance at his interesting chapters on the Physiology, the Psychology, and the Genius of the modern Jew. His views are by no means always flattering to the latter; but they are always broad, well-considered, and based on the freest and fullest scrutiny of facts. One point upon which he constantly insists, and which may be perhaps taken as the key-note of his eloquent plea for a humaner view of the Jewish Question, is the truth that the Jew of to-day—that is, the Jew of the marked type generally objected to—is what he is largely because of the life we have so long forced him to lead. The virtues which we accuse him of lacking could scarcely have blossomed under the rod of persecution. If he is the child of the Talmud, he is none the less the child of the Ghetto; and it is to the latter parent that most of his objectionable traits may be traced. Antisemitism has little chance even of a hearing in this country, as recent events have proved—we trust to the satisfaction of *Herren Stoecker* and *Ahlwardt*. To us, we believe it is no idle boast to say, the most "philosophical" Antisemite is simply a Jew-baiter with a doctrine; and the only part of that doctrine with which we need concern ourselves is refuted by our daily experience of our Hebrew fellow-citizens.

E. G. J.

THE MEDIEVAL UNIVERSITIES.*

Dr. Rashdall has written a good book on a great subject. The origin, growth, constitution and government, the ideals and studies, students and teachers, relations and influence, of the universities of the middle ages, are themes that can never lose their interest for educated men. With beginnings so obscure that they are likely to remain a subject of controversy, growing up in ways that often defy the most learned and acute minds to explain them, encountering all sorts of difficulties and dangers both within and without, and marked by the characteristic facts of their time and

country, these institutions at once so far met the higher needs of men for the present, and so far adapted themselves to changing conditions, that they attained to the greatest usefulness and influence in mediæval times, and continued into the modern era. In his very first paragraph, Dr. Rashdall shows that he grasps the dignity of his theme.

"*Sacerdotium, Imperium, Studium* are brought together by a mediæval writer as the three mysterious powers, or 'virtues,' by whose harmonious coöperation the life and health of Christendom are sustained. This '*Studium*' did not to him, any more than the '*Sacerdotium*' or the '*Imperium*' with which it is associated, represent a mere abstraction. As all priestly power had its visible head and source in the city of the Seven Hills, as all secular authority was ultimately held of the Holy Roman Empire, so could all the streams of knowledge by which the Universal Church was watered and fertilized be ultimately traced as to their fountain-head to the great universities, especially to the University of Paris. The history of an institution which held such a place in the imagination of a mediæval historian, is no mere subject of antiquarian curiosity; its origin, its development, its decay, or rather the transition to its modern form, are worthy of the same serious investigation which has been abundantly bestowed upon the Papacy and the Empire."

In his preface the author briefly refers to the origin and growth of his book, describes his ideal or plan, and indicates the sources of his materials and the extent of his obligations to others. Like many other works of English scholarship, this book originated in a university prize essay, which was won in 1883. At first the author intended nothing more than such a revision and expansion of the essay as would justify its publication in book-form; but he continued his labors until twelve years were gone, and his essay had been expanded into 1400 octavo pages. His plan is "to describe with tolerable fulness the three great archetypal universities—Bologna, Paris, Oxford—and to give short notices of the foundation, constitution, and history of the others arranged in national groups." Even of the three great universities, he does not profess to have written a history. Referring to the others, he says:

"The condensed treatment of seventy-three universities in 316 pages has of course rendered that part of my work of little interest, except for purposes of reference; but to have ignored all but the most famous *Studia* would have left the reader with a very inadequate impression of the extent and variety of the mediæval university system, and of the importance of the part which it played in the making of civilized Europe. Moreover, it would have been impossible to write satisfactorily the history of even one university without an acquaintance with the documents of all the rest. The great defect of university histories has been the non-application of the comparative method. As matters

* THE UNIVERSITIES OF EUROPE IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Hastings Rashdall, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Hertford College, Oxford. In two volumes. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. Macmillan & Co., New York.

stand, even students will probably skip the greater part of Vol. II., part i. The general reader will perhaps find most that will interest him in Vol. II., part ii."

Volume I. opens with a discussion of the question, What is a University? This is followed by a longer chapter on Abelard and the Renaissance of the Twelfth Century. Then come a few pages devoted to Salerno, which in university history is little more than a great name. An extended chapter of 180 pages is devoted to Bologna, and Paris fills out the volume. The universities of Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Bohemia, and the Low Countries, of Poland, Hungary, Denmark, and Sweden, and of Scotland, comprise the 316 pages described by the author in the quotation given above. Volume II., part ii., is devoted principally to Oxford, but it contains also an account of Cambridge, and two other chapters of a general character. For Dr. Rashdall's sources, we can only refer the reader to his preface and numerous bibliographies and notes, adding merely the remark that he must have spent his twelve years industriously to have explored so much material.

The reader who is not already familiar with the main facts stated in the first chapter will find it necessary to make them at once his sure possession. The notion that a university means a school in which all branches of knowledge are taught "has long since disappeared from the pages of professed historians." "A glance into any collection of mediæval documents reveals the fact that the word 'university' means merely a number, a plurality, an aggregate of persons." In the earliest period in which the word is used in a special sense, "the phrase is always 'university of scholars,' 'university of masters and scholars,' 'university of study,' or the like."

"It is particularly important to notice that the term was generally in the middle ages used distinctly of the scholastic body, whether of teachers or scholars, not of the place in which such a body was established, or even of its collective schools. The word used to denote the academic institution in the abstract—the schools or the towns which held them—was *Studium*, rather than *Universitas*. . . . The term which most nearly corresponds to the vague and indefinite English notion of a university, so distinguished from a mere school, seminary, or private educational establishment, is not *Universitas* but *Studium Generale*; and *Studium Generale* means, not a place where all subjects are studied, but a place where students from all parts are received. *Studium Generale* became common at the beginning of the 13th century, when it was used as vaguely and indefinitely as the English term Public School or the German *Hoch-Schule*."

The name now implied three characteristics —

"(1) That the school attracted, or at least invited, students from all parts, not merely those of a particular country or district; (2) That it was a place of higher education, that is to say, that one at least of the higher faculties, theology, law, medicine, was taught there; (3) That such subjects were taught by a considerable number, at least by a plurality, of masters."

How the meaning of the name fluctuated, how, progressively, it became more definite, and how, finally, it disappeared, giving place to university, it would take too much space to tell even in the fewest words.

Most persons who read books of this class, if not indeed all of them, will find themselves constantly falling upon surprises. Dr. Rashdall himself has found a closer acquaintance with the facts resulting in "a certain disillusionment." "We have often had occasion to notice," he remarks in his epilogue, "that features of the mediæval university system which have constantly been appealed to as binding precedents were really less universal and less invariable than has been supposed." The following extract shows what he means, and also teaches us to beware of pushing generalizations too far:

"The University of London, after being empowered by Royal Charter to do all things that could be done by any University, was legally advised that it could not grant degrees to women without a fresh charter, because no university had ever granted such degrees; we have seen that there were women-doctors at Salerno. We have been told that the mediæval university gave a religious education; we have seen that to the majority of students it gave none. We have been told that a university must embrace all faculties; we have seen that many very famous mediæval universities did nothing of the kind. That it eventually came to be considered necessary, or at least usual, that they should do so, is due to the eventual predominance of the Parisian type of university organization, *minus* the very peculiar and exceptional absence of a Faculty of Civil Law. We have been told that the collegiate system is peculiar to England; we have seen that Colleges were found in nearly all universities, and that over a great part of Europe university teaching was more or less superseded by college teaching before the close of the mediæval period. We have been told that the great business of a university was considered to be liberal as distinct from professional education; we have seen that many universities were almost exclusively occupied with professional education. We have been assured, on the other hand, that the course in arts was looked upon as a mere preparatory discipline for the higher faculties; we have seen that in the universities of Northern Europe a majority of students never entered a higher faculty at all."

Different readers will find different parts of the book most instructive and interesting. We have taken a special interest in the chapters and sections of a more general character. "The Place of the University [of Paris] in European History," "The Studies of Oxford," "The

Studies of Paris," "The Place of Oxford in Mediæval Thought," "Student Life in the Middle Ages," are titles that illustrate what we mean.

In a short chapter entitled "The Numbers in the Mediæval Universities," Dr. Rashdall attacks the traditions that assign thirty thousand students to Oxford, and corresponding numbers to Paris and Bologna, when those universities were at the summit of their greatness. Valuable data for such a purpose are far from abundant; inference must largely take the place of registration lists; but we can see no good reason to dispute the general soundness of his conclusions, which will be presented in his own words.

"(1) It is improbable that the numbers of either Bologna or Paris can ever have exceeded some 6000 or 7000. At Paris at least it is pretty certain that this limit was approached during its period of highest repute—say, the beginning of the fourteenth century. (If all the grammar-boys of the city were added, we should possibly have to add some 2000 more.) About the middle of the fifteenth century, however, the number at that university was probably nearer 3000. In Italy the growth of new universities was so rapid and extensive, and the decline in the reputation of Bologna so serious, that neither Bologna nor any one of its rivals can ever have approached the numbers of Paris after an early period of the thirteenth century.

"(2) The maximum number at Oxford was something between 1500 and 3000. By about 1438 the numbers had fallen to under 1000.

"(3) The numbers of Prague before the German migration in 1409 may have been 3000 or more; Vienna and Leipsic may at one time have had 1000 or 2000. The numbers of the other German universities during the fifteenth century varied between 100 and 1000, including grammarians.

"(4) We may add that the population of other minor universities in France and elsewhere, wherever ascertainable, is always numbered by hundreds and not by thousands; at Toulouse alone there may have been as many as 2000."

The most serious defect of Dr. Rashdall's book is the omission at the close of a summary view of the whole field. No doubt such a chapter would have been a peculiarly difficult one to write. Still, it would have given a unity and completeness to the work that it now lacks, and should have been written. But even as it is, the work is incomparably the most valuable one dealing with the subject in our language, and will at once take its place in libraries, public and private, as a recognized authority.

B. A. HINSDALE.

THE publisher of "The Art Student" has acquired "The Limner," and the two titles will hereafter be included in the "style" of this useful monthly.

THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF ELECTRICITY.*

The demand for popular scientific literature having to do with electricity and magnetism has of late been prodigious. A great deal has been written to gratify a love for the mysterious and sensational, or, on the other hand, to supply a little information that might immediately be turned to practical purposes. Much of this popular writing has been indifferent and of but slight value to general readers. The technical literature of the subject has been too severely scientific and mathematical either to interest or profit any except specialists. Electricity in its manifold applications is the dominant scientific feature of the age; and yet to the large body of thoughtful readers the subject is one shrouded with an air of mystery, because so little understood. The great magazines and periodicals, with rare exceptions, seem to avoid the subject, not, probably, from lack of interest, but rather on account of inseparable technicalities. This difficulty is oftener fancied than real, for there is much connected with electricity which is suggestive and filled with absorbing interest. The subject only requires humanizing to arouse a more intelligent interest in its historical development as a preparation for understanding its existing applications. This, Dr. Park Benjamin's book on "The Intellectual Rise in Electricity" is eminently fitted to do. It is a book that will prove a most welcome addition to the library of every thoughtful reader.

This book marks the beginning of a new epoch in the literature of electricity, and shows that the science has far transcended the supposed period of its infancy; for to the extent the literature of any science becomes philosophical, it approaches the perfection of its development. The layman can scarcely appreciate the narrowness of the electrical profession. The marvellous development of the applications of electricity has scarcely permitted time for philosophical thought to be directed toward either its history or its broader relations. No science has ever been so exacting, or had so little to do with the strictly material. Devotion to it has meant absorption with mere technical details. The writer who has presumed to transcend petty technicalities, and to introduce general conceptions or philosophical allusions, has been called irrelevant, unpractical, and out of touch with the times. The purely intellectual

*THE INTELLECTUAL RISE IN ELECTRICITY. By Park Benjamin, Ph.D., LL.B. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

possibilities of the subject have scarcely been dreamed of or imagined, and few have possessed the courage to attempt to utter them. But all this bids fair to be changed, and the "Intellectual Rise of Electricity" to receive a new impulse. What is urgently needed is that laymen acquire such a knowledge of electricity as will make its history, the general scientific elements underlying the science, living realities; that its devotees rise to broader appreciation of literature, history, and philosophy.

"From the inception of the study of natural phenomena, the human mind has pursued its development along two well-defined lines. At first a phenomenon is a mere matter of observation, of sensation; then, as its perception strengthens, the attempt is made to turn the occurrence to some practical application, without seeking to incorporate it into a generalization. This may be called the pre-scientific attitude. The true scientific spirit develops when the mind passes from mere observation to classification, and then on to the higher realm of search for causes, for laws. It was when the lightnings burst from the clouds and the thunders shook the earth that the human mind was awed before the mysterious and uncomprehended powers of nature. In the childhood age of the race, the mind saw in such events only the manifestation of the terrible powers of supernatural beings, which the superstitious revered as gods to be appeased with sacrifices and placated with prayers."*

The task Dr. Benjamin has addressed himself to is to entangle the mingled threads of fact and fancy, of mythology and history, and reveal the birth of the electrical idea, its growth, and tell how later on it blossomed and bore rare scientific results. Nor has the author placed a false estimate on the value of his subject, when, in the Introduction, he says:

"The intellectual rise in electricity is worthy of historical investigation, not merely because of the material results, actual and potential, which have come from it, but because it shows clearly anew the marvellous power of the human mind as an instrument of discovery, capable of correcting its own errors. Beginning with a single phenomenon, afterwards including effects, all for long periods seemingly fortuitous and uncorrelated, this rise has involved questions of an interest second only to that which mankind has yielded to the great issues of life and eternity; questions which challenged the human understanding and compelled it to measure itself against them."

The story of the amber and the magnetic stone is often repeated in classic lore, and is so interwoven with early thought that the history of development from these simple facts to the dynamo, the telegraph, and the trolley of today, involves very largely the various stages of progress of intellectual growth in general. So the author defines the spirit in which he wrote, when he says:

* Albrecht, *Geschichte der Elektrizität*.

"In this research I have felt that it is not so much the trials and discoveries made in the great and new field of Nature which attract us, instructive and useful, even momentous, as they are,—not these so much as the breathing human beings, who in the far past saw them and deciphered them in the light of those other days, and of whose light they formed a part; who thought of them, and whose thoughts lived on, and became immortal, and moved downward through generation after generation, to us; even as our thoughts, joining theirs, will pass through the ages to the generations yet to come."

Electricity as a science is fully matured, and is in no sense in its infancy, except that the extent of its possible applications is just becoming realized. Its essential definition, full of poetic fancy at first, has now become as clearly defined as our notions of gravity and of the nature and constitution of matter. We speak of electricity to-day as an ether-stress, an expression full of meaning to those who have thought far enough to grasp its significance. But what a progress from the conception of an "amber soul" to "ether-stress"! Yet in the interval of time which marks this progress, all the intellectual and political history of the human race can be written. Instead of being in its infancy, electricity is really the oldest of sciences, since possibly the first recorded experiment in natural science was the electrification of a bit of amber. The word *electricity* comes from the Greek names applied to amber, and the significance of this term is singularly appropriate. To the poetic fancy of the Greek, the amber-gold, *elector*, was an embodied sunbeam. From the amber the name passed to a property possessed by it—that of attracting light bodies; and now, by a most singular coincidence, the imprisoned sunbeam energy of coal is released to furnish the brilliant arc light, and we still name the agent electricity.

The earliest mention of the electrical property of amber is mostly legendary, and whether the property was first discovered by genius or accident may never be definitely known. Yet it is especially interesting, in these latter days, when women are struggling for fuller recognition, to learn that in all probability the discovery of electricity was due to a woman. The Thracian women used amber spindles when spinning thread, and these were called "clutchers," because dust and light substances were attracted by them after having been rubbed against the garments.

The lodestone, or natural magnet, has an equally interesting history, and a no less obscure origin of discovery. The simple phenomena of the magnet and amber were doubly

mysterious to the ancients; both possess a strange power of attraction and repulsion, and these tendencies are selective, the amber for light bodies only, the magnet affecting naught else but iron or its like. Did not such action partake of the nature of an intelligence, and to what else could it be ascribed than the presence of a soul in amber and lodestone? In such attraction and repulsion they recognized both Love and Hate, and it becomes easily apparent that the "Intellectual Rise" here chronicled has touched upon the profoundest concepts of philosophy.

A potent charm for the cure of all manner of bodily ills was thought to reside in the magic amber and lodestone. From the times of the Samothracian priests, the medical quack has flourished and fattened on the credulous faith of people in the miraculous healing power of magnetic and electric belts, rings, pills, and so on through the list of traps for the unwary. It is a singular fact that both in the development of electricity and chemistry the first practical application was made in the attempted healing of bodily ills. It is difficult to explain the vitality of the belief in the healing efficacy of magnetism and electricity. This persistence certainly is no argument for the healing-power of such devices, but is rather evidence of the persistence of superstition and belief in diabolism.

The passage from poetic speculation to a concrete science did not occur until the close of the sixteenth century. In this change, the names of Gray and Gilbert stand as landmarks. Bacon, Galileo, Hooke, and Boyle, all contributed to gather the grains of fact from what had hitherto been so largely legendary. Other bodies were found to possess the attractive power of amber under favorable conditions. Substances were divided into electrics and non-electrics, and the behavior of such under excitation was studied. Magnetic phenomena were carefully studied. Later, Otto von Guericke discovered how to generate considerable quantities of static electricity by a rubbed sulphur globe; and von Kleist was as much dismayed by the shock that marked the discovery of the Leyden jar, as the world was surprised. Then electrical experiments became thefad, and monks, nuns, courtiers, and soldiers were repeatedly and indiscriminately shocked. A rich vein of humor runs through the descriptions of these times. The medical quack took fresh courage, and plied the gullible public with vigorous activity. We read of the marvellous cures of a certain

Flemish physician, Van Helmont, who worked wonders with the "Balsamick Emanations of the Sympathetick Unguent or Powder." Magnetic remedies abounded, which were famed for curing even at great distance. Here we note the rise of the conception of communication at a distance by magnetic or electric means. Telepathy was firmly believed in, and one may readily discern the beginnings of modern hypnotic suggestion in those times.

But even at that period a wonderful idea was slowly taking form in the minds of the more thoughtful. Men began to dream of transmitting intelligence through space,—germs of thought which have developed into the electromagnetic telegraph and telephone. A great generalization remained to be established, the identity of the electric spark with the lightning; and with this master-stroke of Franklin the chronicle of "The Intellectual Rise in Electricity" comes to an end. The final lesson of the author is worthy of note:

"Man-made systems may fall, apostles of degeneration may find, in the things which make up the environment of the hour, signs of impending decay. But he who turns to the history of intellectual endeavor in the study of nature will learn that when mind thus faces the purity of the Infinite, it does not and cannot degenerate. Rather will he see in the constant effort to reveal the truth an influence always making for good,—always neutralizing the tendency to evil,—always vast in uplifting power."

Dr. Benjamin has done his work well. He has brought to his task the scientific training of the specialist in electricity, the resources of a private library considered without an equal in the country, and a literary style that is both elevated and charming. The work is free from mathematics and technicalities, and is as entertaining as a romance. W. M. STINE.

THE CAVE-DWELLERS OF YUCATAN.*

The examination of the earth accumulations upon the floors of caves in Europe has given important evidence to the archaeologist. Ancient men used the caverns as homes, and in them are found to-day layers and heaps of rubbish that accumulated during this occupancy. Bones of animals that were used as food, rude tools and implements, charcoals of ancient fires, are among the objects found. From their evidence it is known that in France and England man was contemporaneous with the mammoth, the

*THE HILL CAVES OF YUCATAN. By Henry C. Mercer. With illustrations and map. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

woolly rhinoceros, the cave-bear, the reindeer, — creatures now extinct, or found only in districts remote from these; that man in Western Europe was at first a savage, with the crudest tools and weapons; that he was capable of progress, and that he made improvement, the steps in which may be traced. All this has been clearly proved.

Comparatively little careful exploration has been made of American caverns. What has been done is quite largely the work of Mr. Henry C. Mercer, who has recently studied caves in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Virginia, Illinois, Kentucky, and Tennessee. The results are interesting and important, but cannot be presented here. The exploration of these caves suggested investigation of those of Yucatan. Everyone knows of the curious ruins left in that peninsula by the Mayas. A strange culture is shown by them and by the relics found with them. Was this culture indigenous, growing up in Yucatan itself, or was it introduced in full development? Mr. Mercer believed that an examination of the caves would solve the question. Fortunately, means for the enterprise were not wanting. Mr. John White Corwith offered the funds for the investigation, and with Mr. Mercer and a small party of helpers spent some months last year in the field. The results of the trip are presented in Mr. Mercer's volume on "The Hill Caves of Yucatan."

The physical geography of Yucatan is at once peculiar and simple. The country is largely one of limestones, and these are almost honey-combed with subterranean channels and chambers. Of high mountains there are none; a low ridge was the mass in which lay the caves examined. It presented no cliffs or rock walls. Caves like those of France and England, of Tennessee and Pennsylvania, do not seem to exist there. Those found are described as — "A very striking class of underground chambers from fifty to three hundred and fifty feet in diameter and from fifteen to seventy feet high, more or less brightly lit by round openings in the ceiling—ten, twenty, and fifty feet in diameter. Through these skylights fragments of the original crust had fallen, forming piles of loose stones on the cave floor. . . . Where the rock pile was high enough, banana trees and tropical evergreens growing upon it swept the brink of the chasm with their boughs, making strange rattlings when the wind blew. Sometimes the subterranean groves lay far beneath the surface in rotundas inaccessible from above. Then they were first seen after a long clamber underground, like gardens beneath the vaultings of sombre passages. Doves built their nests in high ledges by the skylights, and animals found refuge under the rock heaps, where Indians had built blinds of loose stones to stalk them."

Such were the caves to be examined. The work was often difficult. The fallen rock masses were frequently so numerous, so large, and so closely packed, that the excavation had to be abandoned long before the original floor of the cave was reached. It was soon evident that these caves had never been to any great extent either homes or burial places. But for all that, they contained the evidence sought. Yucatan has little surface water, few streams, and no great rivers. But underground water abounds, and these caves contain a fairly full and reliable supply. Man to-day comes to them for water, and he must have done the same ever since the peninsula has been inhabited. Never living here continuously, he has always been a frequent visitor and camper. Though relics are neither as abundant or varied in the earth-layers upon these floors as they are in the French caves, they occur, and are ample.

Twenty-nine caves were visited. "Thirteen had archaeological significance; six yielded valuable, and three decisive, results." The excavations at Oxkintok, Loltun, and Sabaka showed a single layer of rubbish, consisting of potsherds, stone tools and weapons, charcoal, and bones of animals and birds, some of which had served as food. The objects found do not indicate vast antiquity, do not prove the co-existence in Yucatan of man and extinct species of animals, do not show a progress in culture.

In closing his study, Mr. Mercer arrives at three conclusions, which may be stated in his own words:

"First. That no earlier inhabitant had preceded the builder of the ruined cities in Yucatan.

"Second. That the people revealed in the caves had reached the country in geologically recent times.

"Third. That these people, substantially the ancestors of the present Maya Indians, had not developed their culture in Yucatan, but had brought it with them from somewhere else."

These conclusions appear justified by the evidence. It is now desirable that similar studies should be made in Central and Southern Mexico, and in Guatemala and other parts of Central America. Mr. Holmes's interesting study of "Early Man in Mexico" appears to show a progressive culture in the Valley of Mexico, and legends of Nahuatl and other tribes tell of successive populations in various portions of the Isthmian Area. Examination of caves in the regions suggested, such as Mr. Mercer has made in Yucatan, might yield most valuable results.

FREDERICK STARR.

SOME PHASES OF THE SCIENCE OF MIND.*

Different in subject and scope as are the five volumes included in this review, an important bond of community between them is none the less apparent; and this consists of their common bearing upon the rigorous study of mental phenomena, that forms one of the striking features of contemporary thought. For, apart from the anatomists, zoologists, and physiologists, who are enlarging the facts and interpreting the results of their own specialties as a self-sufficient and independent pursuit, there exists a body of students ready to take up so much of these data as can be utilized in the exposition and investigation of psychological problems. And what is true of the relations between the sciences that deal with the body and those that deal with the mind, is true, though in different ways and degrees, of anthropology and philology, of psychiatry and sociology. Indeed, we may be said to have completed the circle of the sciences, beginning with the days when all knowledge was one, and that one philosophy, and slowly developing to the formation of the several sciences into independent groups; and now realizing, in the light of this vast accumulation of fact-material, the essential interrelation and interdependence of the many specialties. The various sciences represent the directions of our interests and the limitations of each man's powers, quite as much as they represent groups of facts naturally or logically separated from other groups of facts.

Professor Donaldson's work on "The Growth of the Brain" is devoted to a systematic and discriminating account of the growth-changes in the nervous system, accompanying and forming so essential a factor of the march from birth to death. To give this account its maximum significance, the introductory chapters describe the main factors of cell and body growth; and for the proper comprehension of the bearing of these changes, a clear and telling exposition of the architecture and function of nerve tissues is introduced. The volume thus does more than it promises, for it gives the facts of brain-growth a carefully wrought and attractive setting.

* **THE GROWTH OF THE BRAIN.** A study of the nervous system in relation to education. By Henry Herbert Donaldson, Professor of Neurology in the University of Chicago. "The Contemporary Science Series." London: Walter Scott. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

LECTURES ON HUMAN AND ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Wilhelm Wundt. Translated from the second German edition, by J. E. Creighton and E. B. Titchener. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Macmillan & Co., New York.

OUTLINES OF PSYCHOLOGY. Based upon the results of experimental investigation. By Oswald Külpe, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Würzburg. Translated from the German, by Edward Bradford Titchener, Sage Professor of Psychology in the Cornell University. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Macmillan & Co., New York.

STUDIES IN THE EVOLUTIONARY PSYCHOLOGY OF FEELING. By Hiram M. Stanley. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Macmillan & Co., New York.

THE BEGINNING OF WRITING. By Walter James Hoffman, M.D. The Anthropological Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Our knowledge of the nervous system has recently progressed quite rapidly, but the records of the progress are difficult of access in scattered papers and technical journals, and require the elimination of contradictory data and accidental variations before their significance is revealed. So readable and at once so scholarly an account of the essential facts of neurology, embodying these recent advances, is itself an important acquisition to the literature of the subject.

It is in the results of the main problem under discussion that the reader will probably be seriously disappointed; he will find it difficult to carry away any very definite conclusion regarding brain changes and individual variations in brain structure. He appreciates the interpretation of the several tables of comparisons of cranial capacity and the like; he realizes the many sources of error and chances for misinterpretation and loose inferences in the treatment of the subject—for these are clearly set before him; but he cannot escape the suspicion that the positive outcome of the discussion, though not to be ignored, is none the less disappointing. For this he must blame, not the author, but the present condition of the subject. It is in many ways an unfortunate time to attempt the grouping of the facts into an orderly whole, and particularly to present them in a form suitable for a semi-popular scientific series. The many tables and curves, the cautious preliminary discussions and careful considerations of sources of error, it is to be feared, will deter the layman, while calling out the admiration of the fellow specialist. Pioneer work is necessarily unsatisfactory from an artistic point of view. A quarter of a century hence the time may be ripe for the preparation of such an essay on the growth of the brain as the average reader may desire, but will not find in the present volume. However, although the keystone will be the most conspicuous, the other stones are quite as essential to the strength of the structure.

Before leaving this volume, we must give a moment's notice to its sub-title—"a study of the nervous system in relation to education." The growth-changes of the nervous system are obviously fundamental in all that process which we call education; and in the last two chapters of the work, the educational bearings of the whole are ably set forth. It is true that these educational applications are based as much upon other facts as upon those treated in the volume, and even more so; but they tell very plainly the lesson that neurology teaches. They show how apt we are to exaggerate the importance of formal education and technical acquisition, and how slight this may be when compared with unconscious absorption and the unfoldment of natural dispositions; they show that no discussion of the effects of educational methods can be considered complete that does not take into account the changes in the nervous system by which all such processes are conditioned. Our knowledge of such relations is lamentably imperfect in detail, but the attempt

to interpret educational changes in neurological terms is in itself most helpful, and gives additional importance to the volume under discussion.

Professor Wilhelm Wundt is widely known to English readers as a pioneer and a leader in the development of modern psychology and as the founder of the first laboratory for the experimental study of mental phenomena; yet the present is the first volume of his writings to appear in an English translation. These lectures on "Human and Animal Psychology" were first published over thirty years ago, being one of the very earliest contributions to the experimental field; in 1892 the author revised and rearranged the older lectures, and from this second edition Professors Creighton and Titchener, of Cornell University, have prepared their translation. Of all of Professor Wundt's writings, this volume is best suited for translation, because it is adapted to a wider reading public, and covers, in a less didactic and detailed manner than his more formal treatises, the chief problems of mental science. The first group of lectures considers the facts and interpretation of sense-impressions. The discussion of the measurement of intensities of sensation and of the methods of gaining a knowledge of space-dimensions are particularly fully and interestingly treated. A second group of chapters takes up the time-relations of mental phenomena, considering the rapidity of mental processes, the range of consciousness, the fluctuations of attention, the nature of associations, and the like. Besides the lectures which treat of the nature of animal activities, there are also discussions of abnormal states, dreams, hypnotism, and allied phenomena; of the development of the will and its relation to reflex, automatic, and expressive movements; of the fundamental theories connecting bodily and mental states; and more less incidentally of a variety of interesting psychological problems.

It is thus apparent that the lectures cover a very wide range; but there is little attempt to give the various topics a definite setting in a coördinated general conception. In each of the groups of problems considered, a few problems are selected as typical, and are treated with considerable detail, their relations to other almost equally important topics being left without notice. This defect is perhaps to be ascribed to the lecture form of the work, but will often leave the general reader at sea regarding the significance of what he has read. Indeed, the reader to whom the volume will be most helpful is one who has some elementary acquaintance with scientific psychology, and is willing to make some effort to extend that acquaintance, and at the same time demand a readable and impressive exposition. This class of readers does not include the largest share of those who will be tempted to scan the title-page with a view of perusal, but it is large enough to sanction the labors of translation; nor should the demands of the rapidly increasing number of professed students be ignored.

The revision of a course of lectures prepared in

the budding-time of an expanding science could hardly have been an easy task; and the result, as the author confesses, is not free from the architectural defects and compromises inherent in the modernizing of an old structure. Distinctly new topics, that have come into prominence within recent years, are introduced; other lectures are omitted; and very generally new facts and experiments are substituted for the old ones. But in spite of all these changes the volume does not adequately represent the methods and results of the movement to which Professor Wundt has so largely contributed. Welcome as the volume undoubtedly is as an addition to the psychological shelves of our libraries, private and public, it must be recommended with an explanation of its relative historical importance, and of the plan of its modernization.

The translation is both readable and accurate — qualities not so often combined as to need no commendation; here and there the harsh Teutonic technical phrases are insufficiently disguised, or unusual words used when more familiar ones are in vogue. But these minor imperfections entirely disappear in the general excellence of the whole.

Professor Külpe's "Outlines of Psychology" is a product of the Leipzig school of psychology; the author was for several years an assistant to Professor Wundt, and dedicates the volume to his master. It is in some respects a compendium of Wundt's larger work — the resemblances of arrangement and treatment, of theory and perspective, being many and striking, — but in the main deserves to be regarded as an original exposition of psychological problems from the experimental point of view. It is to be regretted that the author has not availed himself of the convenience of a preface to explain the special purposes of the volume, the class of readers to whom it is addressed, and the basis of selection of the particular problems selected and omitted. The "psychologies" of an earlier period were mostly expositions of individual systems, or the tenets of a school; more recently a "psychology" has come to represent the particular group of problems, treated from this or that point of view, in which the author is specially interested. It may be seriously questioned whether the progress of a science depending upon such contributions alone would be rapid or certain. It would be foolish to question the right of any scientific worker to express his own convictions upon the main problems of his science in a way most satisfactory to himself, — and, indeed, a frank acknowledgement of this individualistic motive upon the title-page would often ward off a severe but justifiable criticism of the work; but from the point of view of a disinterested zeal in the advance of science it may be confidently maintained that a general discountenancing of such works would be a wholesome corrective to a natural excess. Many a work of ability, and replete with expositions of originality and importance, repels rather than attracts, because it is entitled "principles" or "outlines" of psychology, instead of "some contribu-

tions to the consideration of selected problems in psychology." The matter is not one of title, of course (and unwieldy titles are obviously objectionable); it is a question of the wholesomeness of a certain literary tendency that is particularly prevalent in psychology.

Professor Külpe's work is an able example of the tendency in question. It represents more than anything else his individual interests and methods of exposition; able as these are, and interesting as they may be to his fellow-theorizers, it may be doubted whether they will appeal to that considerable body of English-reading students for whom the translation was presumably prepared. The work is not easy to read nor to describe. To the collegiate student of psychology it will be quite generally puzzling and unsatisfactory; although the claim is made that "experimental psychology is fully within its rights when it claims to be the general psychology of which we propose to treat," it is surprising how few experimental results are described; unusual technical terms and needlessly abstruse classifications are constantly introduced. In brief, it is a work much better suited to the German than to the English mind; our education demands more attention to guidance and instruction than is traditional in the academic freedom of a German university. We reap the benefit of this in the pains taken by our professional writers to be clear and useful.

The work is divided into three parts, devoted respectively to the elements of consciousness, the connection between these elements, and the general considerations of states of consciousness. Under the first head, sensations are considered, first with reference to their quality or specific character, and then with reference to their intensity. We ordinarily restrict the term sensation to the process that begins with the action of some agency outside ourselves and makes us aware of such stimulus; for this, Dr. Külpe prefers the term "peripherally excited sensation," and treats of the processes of memory, imagination, reproduction, and association as "centrally excited sensations." A final section on the elements of consciousness is devoted to the feelings, with some slight reference to the will. The "conscious elements" are connected mainly in two ways: by fusion, illustrated best by the mingling of several tone-stimuli into one sensational effect; and by colligation, which finds its best instance in the method of our deriving a knowledge of space from the combination of touch, movement, and sight. The terms "fusion" and "colligation" are used so broadly that a consideration of the emotions and impulses, of the perception of time and space, of the many variations of simple and compound reactions, of the phenomena of contrast and optical illusions, are all made more or less pertinent to the discussion. The part dealing with the states of consciousness discusses attention, self-consciousness, sleep and dreams, hypnotism and allied conditions. As already indicated, the treatment gives least space to the description of facts, and dwells fully upon interpre-

tations, analysis, and the merits of rival theories.

Considering the character of the work, the translation is more than creditable; an elimination of technical terms and unusual phrases and the didactic arrangement would have been a departure from a literal version, but a relief to the English reader. But in consideration of the recent contributions to our literature of similar scope, it may be doubted whether the translation meets any real need.

Mr. Stanley's essay on the psychology of feeling is a noteworthy and original contribution to a much-discussed but obscure problem—the origin, significance, and course of development of the emotional activities and dispositions. The author's contention, as implied in his title, is that the feelings prompting to and accompanying actions can be rightly interpreted only in the light of an evolutionary hypothesis and under the principle of serviceability. This at once emphasizes the problem as one belonging to comparative psychology, and sends the student to studying the simpler emotional capabilities of children and of the lower animals. On the other hand, Mr. Stanley is convinced that the typically psychological method is introspection, that feeling can be known only by a discriminating and self-observant feeler; in this method, therefore, the first place is given to a rigid self-analysis, the results of such analysis to be controlled and corroborated by observation of less complex personalities than our own, as well as of the various historical, social, and anthropological variations which the study of man furnishes.

The beginning of all mental life is in the pleasure-pain feelings; these precede cognition, the primitive organism realizing that its psychic state is disturbed before it is aware of a something causing the disturbance. Indeed, the incentive to cognition is the feeling; "pleasure and pain bring their objects, not objects pleasures and pains." Of the two, although both primitive modes of manifestation, pain is perhaps the earlier. Both appear because of their serviceability in advancing the good of the organism and protecting it from evil, and both develop in the line of more and more efficient and far-seeing benefit and protection.

"Further, that pain should be attained where there is little actual harm, is good, but to attain pain, and self-conservative action before any injury is done, but only about to be done, is better. Reaction to potential harm is a most important advantageous step. In the earlier form of mentality, the animal must actually be in the process of being devoured by an enemy before a pain reaction is achieved, but in the later representative form of reaction there is complete anticipation, and the animal can come off with an absolutely whole skin. Ideal pains, as fear, anger, and other emotions, are gradually substituted for pains which are real in the sense that they arise in a positive hurt to the life of the organism. The saving which is effected through emotion is most important, and this economy is reason for the rise of emotion in the struggle of existence. Those animals who are able, not merely to react on slight injuries to themselves, but also through fear, etc., to avoid all actual injury, have a very manifest advantage."

As forewarned is forearmed, as experience brings wisdom, as the power of prediction is the test of science, so the same prudential and anticipating advantages furnish the clue for the development of the emotions. Fear and desire, repulsion and attraction, the avoidance of evil, the seeking of good, bring about opposite pairs of emotions, gradually differentiating into more and more forms with the increased complexity of the animal organization and environment, until in man we have all shades and grades of fear emotions, requiring the trained powers of an astute observer for their analysis and delineation. The portrayal of these differentiations of fear and desire, of surprise, hope, disappointment, of anger and despair, make up the central portion of the volume, and do not admit of a summary statement.

Mr. Stanley is equally forcible and felicitous in his treatment of more complex and peculiarly human emotions, as in his analysis of the simpler feelings common to all living kind concerned in the struggle for existence. His analysis of the æsthetic and the ethical feelings—the two most difficult chapters in the psychology of feeling—which are certain to arouse objections in the minds of many, cannot but be suggestive and stimulating to all; and in particular the chapter on the "Psychology of Literary Style" is cordially recommended to students of literature as well as of psychology as an attractive bit of psychological analysis.

Mr. Stanley's views will incite criticism at the hands of those who have maintained different views of the significance and origin of feeling—notably in this country of Professor James and Mr. Marshall; and his general method will be opposed somewhat by the claimants for the introduction of experiment and objective tests throughout the psychological field. The former will find much food for reflection in this evolutionary exposition of the subject; and the latter, while convinced that the author underestimates the possibilities of experiment in psychology, will probably admit that its application to the emotions is most difficult, and will be ready to admit introspection as a legitimate method when it is used, as it is in this volume, with discrimination, with a recognition of its many sources of error, and under the guidance of a mental habit formed by familiarity with scientific thought.

The last volume in our group furnishes an additional example of an all too frequent discrepancy between title-page and content. The reader, having his appetite aroused by an attractive menu, is perhaps unduly annoyed at finding a very simple meal, quite wholesome and palatable in itself, but very different from what he was led to expect. Had Mr. Hoffman entitled his essay "Contributions to the study of American picture-writing," he would have attracted a more limited public, but would have fed this public to its satisfaction. The essay touches the fascinating problem of the origin and growth of sign-making frequently, but in an irregular and unsystematic manner. This problem is fun-

damentally a psychological one, involving the survival of the best-suited modes of communication under various primitive conditions, the necessity of communication being in turn an outcome of the social impulse. The typical forms of sign-making must therefore correspond to typical modes of associational and other mental processes; of these, symbolism is perhaps the most interesting and most efficient. Mr. Hoffman's grouping of signs involving this and similar processes is valuable and helpful; and in general it may be said that the more limited purpose of the volume—the illustration of the principles of sign-making by American pictographs—is successfully accomplished. As such, the volume will be welcomed by a rapidly increasing number of students and general readers who are convinced that the proper study of mankind is man.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

RECENT FICTION.*

A review of recent books of fiction that is permitted to include the names of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Meredith cannot be altogether lacking in distinction, even if neither of the two novelists is represented by work that is of his best. Mr. Hardy's "Jude

*JUDE THE OBSCURE. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE. By George Meredith. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A GALLOWAY HERD. By S. R. Crockett. New York: R. F. Fenn & Co.

THE MEN OF THE MOSS-HAGS. By S. R. Crockett. New York: Macmillan & Co.

RED ROWANS. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. New York: Macmillan & Co.

JOHN DARKER. By Aubrey Lee. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A BID FOR FORTUNE. A Novel. By Guy Boothby. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO. By Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A MONK OF FIFE. A Romance of the Days of Jeanne d'Arc. By Andrew Laeg. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE RED COCKADE. A Novel. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

CLARENCE. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IN A HOLLOW OF THE HILLS. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A DAUGHTER OF THE TENEMENTS. By Edward W. Townsend. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co.

DOLLY DILLENBECK. By James L. Ford. New York: George H. Richmond & Co.

ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY. By Hamlin Garland. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE. By Stephen Crane. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A SINGULAR LIFE. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A QUESTION OF FAITH. By L. Dougall. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA OF A NORTHERN ZONE. From the Danish of Holger Drachmann. Chicago: Way & Williams.

DONA PERFECTA. By B. Perez Galdós. Translation by Mary J. Serrano. New York: Harper & Brothers.

the Obscure"—known as "Hearts Insurgent" during the period of its publication in a popular magazine—is a book sure to command much attention, and to provoke widely diverse expressions of opinion. When engaged in reading the opening pages, it seemed to us that the book bade fair to equal, if not to surpass, any of the author's previous achievements. There is always something supremely touching in the story of a boy of high aspirations and exceptional intellectual endowments, struggling upward to the light under conditions the most adverse, and this is the story outlined for us in the beginning of the book. But as our reading went on, and the twilight of the opening chapters deepened into the gloom of those that followed instead of flushing into the dawn that we had reason to expect, as the youth who at first aroused sympathy developed into the man who could inspire little besides contempt or disgust, as the book became more and more a bitter tirade against the fundamental institutions of society, and as we realized that its tenor was to remain one of cheerlessness throughout, we must confess to a feeling of utter disheartenment at the use which the author was set upon making of his splendid talent. Ours is not the childish complaint of the reader who wants his stories to come out well; we do not dispute the right of tragedy to a conspicuous place in the literature that deals with the stern realities of human life, and we are more than most writers in sympathy with the moods of the pessimist. But between the noble tragedy which performs for us the Aristotelian function of purging the soul of baseness and such tragedy as Mr. Hardy gives us in the present novel, between the proud pessimism of a revolted but self-centred spirit and the scolding sort of pessimism to which this book gives vent, there is a world-wide difference. The one is as attractive as the other is revolting to the reader of serious temper. The author tells us that his book "attempts to deal unaffectedly with the fret and fever, derision and disaster, that may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity." Fret and fever he doubtless gives us, and both derision and disaster, but to say that he does it unaffectedly is the last thing that would occur to a reader of wholesome instincts. On the contrary, it would be uncharitable not to assume that the gratuitous cynicism, and the sullen temper, and the moral perversity of the book, were all affected, deliberately and of set purpose. It cannot be, for example, that Oxford is indeed to Mr. Hardy the city of dreadful night that his Christminster is made to appear. To the childish imagination of Jude it appeared as a very city of the soul, and the chapters that present it to us in this aspect themselves belie the other chapters in which it takes on so different a guise. As for the plot of the novel, any outline statement would appear merely farcical; with the wealth of observation and episode brought to the working-out, it escapes this charge, although but narrowly. In characterization it is, of course, strong beyond most contemporary novels, and Sue

is a creation of a charm so elusive yet irresistible that she is secure in the affections of the reader, although her kaleidoscopic nature is inconsistent far beyond the point to which inconsistency as the prerogative of her sex is admissible. The book is also a very plain-spoken one, more than necessarily plain-spoken, we think. Will these realists leave nothing to the imagination in dealing with the subject which above all others makes a decent reticence imperative?

Mr. Ruskin once wrote of Browning in these terms: "The worst of it is that this kind of concentrated writing needs so much *solution* before the reader can fairly get the good of it." Mr. Meredith's style calls for solution quite as much as Browning's ever did, and does not so well reward the patience. Whatever may be the insight or the robust philosophy of his books, their utterly perverse manner must exclude them from the vital literary interests of the great majority of readers. This is unfortunate, for Mr. Meredith has better stuff to offer us than any of his contemporaries among novelists, but it is nevertheless inevitable. The rich kernel of his thought is encased in too hard a nut for many to crack, and his doctrine is likely to remain chiefly esoteric. "The Amazing Marriage" is not as hard reading as some of its predecessors have been, but is harder than most of us like to undertake for pleasure. Between this book and Kant's "Kritik," let us say, it is something like a toss-up, with the chances a trifle in favor of the sage of Königsberg. We do not profess to have read every line of these two thick volumes, but we have caught glimpses in their pages of several intensely-realized individuals, and have as often wished that the author might have presented his characters with the lucid art of a Balzac or a Thackeray, instead of as in a glass darkly, straining the gaze and thwarting the attention. Considered simply as a story, the book has but a slender equipment. An impulsive and eccentric young nobleman meets an unconventional girl, and proposes to her on the spot. He soon regrets the act, while she, never doubting his sincerity, holds him to the word which he makes it a point of strenuous honor not to evade. The wedding is accomplished, and the bride is taken, for her wedding-journey, to a prize-fight, described with ghastly exactitude. Immediately thereafter the husband deserts her, but cannot escape the spell cast over him by her proud and vital personality. The rest of the book is devoted to a description of the process of soul-subjugation to which the hero finally succumbs, only to be flouted, and to find that he has cast irrevocably away a jewel too cheaply prized. She leaves the scene upon some mad errand of mercy to the Spanish rebels, and he finds refuge in a monastery. An obtrusive person called Dame Gossip interrupts the narrative from time to time, and an equally obtrusive Old Buccaneer, sometime father of the heroine, is permitted to bore us every now and then with certain maxims left at his death to a wondering world.

One of the most noteworthy features of recent English fiction is the revival of interest in the Scot, due in part to the writings of Stevenson and Mr. Lang, and still more largely to the still later group of writers that includes Mr. Barrie, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Crockett. Of these three, the latter, to judge by what has already been accomplished, represents the greatest fertility of invention, as well as the most marked literary force. Two recent novels by Mr. Crockett appeal to us, as their predecessors have done, by their faithful delineation of scene and character, their romantic manner, and their shrewd humor. Both are human books in a high sense, and both enlist the sympathies of the reader, holding them to the end. "A Galloway Herd" is a story whose scenes are mainly Scotch, although predetermined by certain tragic happenings in London, and ending, almost tragically, in the Paris of 1871 and the Commune. The passages are somewhat loosely linked together, and one is often puzzled to trace the connection between scene and scene. This lack of explicitness is doubtless a fault, as is also the intrusion of certain romantic elements not quite in keeping with the tenor of the narrative. The dialect, too, is a stumbling-block, and makes hard reading of far too many pages. That the book should, on the whole, compel attention to the end, in spite of these shortcomings, is perhaps the best tribute that we can pay to its essential charm. We should add that the book is an early production, now reprinted without the author's sanction.

"The Men of the Moss-Hags," Mr. Crockett's other novel, is "a history of adventure taken from the papers of William Gordon of Earlstoun in Galloway." It deals with the persecution of the Covenanters, and has many a stirring episode of conflict, and imminent danger, and escape. It is, indeed, open to the reproach of being little more than a series of episodes, and its charm is to be sought in the faithful finish of its separate scenes rather than in the action taken as a whole. The dialect, too, makes it difficult reading, but that is a necessary evil in a tale of this sort, and we gladly put up with the strange speech for the sake of the local color and sympathetic delineation. The closing episode makes no small demand upon credulity, but the story, taken altogether, is not lacking in verisimilitude, and the author has so thought and felt himself into the period of which he writes that we are more than once reminded of Scott, without for a moment thinking of Mr. Crockett as an imitator.

Another Scotch story—wholly Scotch as to scene, and largely so as to character—is Mrs. Steel's "Red Rowans." The writer herself frankly styles it "a love story," and the name is accurately applied. It must have necessitated a sharp readjustment of focus for the writer to turn to another country from the India that she knows so well, and a book like the present is the last that we should have expected from the author of "The Potter's Thumb." In some respects the art of "Red Rowans" marks an advance upon that of the Indian tales, an advance

most notable in the matter of construction, although in this respect Mrs. Steel has still something to learn. We cannot forgive the tragically abrupt ending of the story, for the whole tenor of what goes before does anything but warrant so startling a conclusion. One is almost tempted to think that it was adopted in sheer despair, and because a natural solution of the complication was found too difficult. The story is, in the main, a wholesome piece of work, excellent in both description and characterization. If it has not the extraordinary power of "The Potter's Thumb," it is probably because its theme is too hackneyed and commonplace to permit of a like display. But, in any case, the historian of our latter-age fiction will have to reckon with Mrs. Steel.

The unfamiliar name of "Aubrey Lee" is attached to the story of "John Darker." The book is an exceedingly amateurish performance, with but scant display of constructive skill—or rather an exasperating absence of it where most needed—and concerned with people whose characters are so self-contradictory that we soon give up the attempt to reconcile their curious traits. Yet there is a certain crude power in parts of the book that arrests attention, and sustains a certain degree of interest. It is more than accident that the writer makes occasional reference to Charlotte Brontë, for many passages suggest the peculiar temper of the author of "Jane Eyre," and the heroine (who uses the first person) succeeds in making herself almost as real as her other characters are impossible. The sum of it all is that the writer must be a young woman, who has had some personal experiences out of the common, who has preserved an unusually vivid recollection of them, and who has thrown her personality unreservedly into her pages.

Mr. Boothby has hardly done well to desert, even in part, the Australasian scenes in which his earlier novels have been placed, and "A Bid for Fortune" is weakened by being made to cover so much ground. It opens with a mystery so well conceived as to stimulate the most jaded interest, and speedily develops into a promising love-story. But the love-story ends in insipidity, and the mystery appears too much for its inventor, since he fails to clear it up, although he calls hypnotism and other uncanny agencies to his aid. The plot is for the most part wildly improbable, if not impossible, and the book can hardly be called anything better than rubbish of a rather clever sort.

"The Chronicles of Count Antonio" is an experiment in mediævalism, and the author has been fairly successful in the task of investing his narrative with the romantic atmosphere of the Italian life of some centuries ago. A petty state, its ruling prince, a noble maiden, and a valiant outlaw, are the materials out of which this somewhat labored book is made. We must confess to having found it dull reading, with hardly a trace of the sort of romantic interest that the author contrived to put into "The Prisoner of Zenda," for example.

The nature of the subject, of course, precludes the introduction of the element of comedy that gives zest to such other books as "A Change of Air" and "The Indiscretion of the Duchess," and that makes those books so effective.

The recent revival of interest in the Maid of Orleans has resulted in the production of a considerable amount of romantic fiction, of which the most important example is Mr. Lang's "A Monk of Fife." The subject is one almost ideally suited to Mr. Lang's hand, appealing, as it does, to his deepest interests and intellectual sympathies—how warmly the noble poem in his latest volume of verse may witness. The romance before us pretends to be a translation of a French manuscript in the Ratisbons Scots College. Whether this pretense be wholly a bit of mystification we are not concerned to inquire; for all practical purposes "A Monk of Fife" is an original work of Mr. Lang's imagination, although it follows historical fact more closely than such fiction is wont to do. As to the style of the book, it may be described in Mr. Lang's own words, as "not imitating, in manner, the almost contemporary English of the 'Paston Letters,' or the somewhat earlier English style of the Regent Bedford, but merely attempting to give a moderately old air to his [Mr. Lang's] version of a French which, genuine or imitative, is certainly, in character and spelling, antique." The story is told in the first person, and is essentially the narrative of a young Scotsman, fleeing from his own country in consequence of a brawl, and finding service with the French at such a time as to be concerned in the siege of Orleans, and to become closely associated with the fortunes of the Maid. A pretty love-story—after the fashion made so familiar by the author of "A Gentleman of France"—runs through the chronicle, and gives it an extra-historical interest. The narrative is at times labored, as the result of a wish to omit no historical fact of importance, but is for the most part highly readable, giving a vivid impression of the stirring life of early fifteenth-century France.

It is to the France of a later period than this, of a period later even than that with which he has been in the habit of dealing, that Mr. Weyman takes us in "The Red Cockade." The hackneyed theme of the French Revolution has for a time, and that not altogether happily, diverted the author's attention from the ages of Henry IV. and of Richelieu in which he has shown himself so entirely at home. The present story is confined within the first year of the Revolution, and its scene is in the provinces. At first, it pictures the peasant uprisings of the summer and autumn of 1789; then the hopeless stand taken by the clerical party at Nîmes the year following becomes the subject of the story, bringing it to an effective climax. It is the conventional and melodramatic view of the Revolution that Mr. Weyman gives us, a view that will not bear very close historical examination, but that is, of course, highly effective for romantic purposes. It does not seem, to us, however, that this book is as

well planned and carefully written as two or three of its predecessors. The illustrations leave much to be desired; most of all, perhaps, that the artist should have read the text with which he was supposed to be working. It is a little startling to read of the heroine, at a certain critical juncture, that her hair was falling loosely over her shoulders, and to note the elaborate coiffure given her in the corresponding picture.

The selection of American fiction made for the present review cannot better be headed than by the name of Mr. Bret Harte, who this year gives us of his largess two full-grown romances. "Clarence" is a sequel to "Susy," and reintroduces us to Clarence Brant, this time as a Union officer in the Civil War. The plot is based on the estrangement between him and his wife, resulting from the pronounced Southern sympathies of the aforesaid Widow Peyton, and leading somewhat tragically to her death. Another heroine is introduced to console Clarence in his bereavement and make him happy at the end. Our old friend Susy appears once more, as saucy and bewitching as ever, and plays an important part in the fortunes of the hero. The story is certainly one of the best that have been written with the history of our Civil War for a background. Mr. Harte's other novel, "In a Hollow of the Hills," must, we fear, be reckoned among his comparative failures. It would impress a reader unfamiliar with the bulk of the author's work as striking enough, but to the one who views it against the background of so many earlier performances of its kind, the hackneyed character of the material is only too apparent, while it displays, in exaggerated form, the author's weakness for situations that are made startling only at the sacrifice of probability. Its kaleidoscopic changes are not easy to follow, or to connect into a coherent work of art.

Mr. Townsend, to whom we are all indebted for the discovery and introduction to polite circles of Chimmie Fadden, has essayed, in "A Daughter of the Tenements," the conventional novel form, and, if a good plot, close familiarity with the scenes and types depicted, and genuine human sympathies are the elements of success in such an effort, the author has certainly achieved it. His plain, almost blunt, style savors of journalism rather than of literature, but affords just the medium needed for a vivid realization of the sort of characters with which he has chosen to deal, and whose life, both internal and external, he knows so intimately. In a word, Mr. Townsend offers us realism of a good kind, and deserves our gratitude. His heroine is a very winsome young person, his hero is a fine example of manhood, and his villain is as despicable as the properly-behaved villain ought to be. Even the ward politician has, it appears, a human side, and is not altogether deserving of the sweeping condemnation bestowed upon him by self-righteous critics. If we must find some fault with Mr. Townsend's story, it shall be that it is crowded toward the close, and leaves us with a feeling that the threads of a

rather complex entanglement have not been straightened out with sufficient deliberation. Mulberry Bend, alas, is no more, but this novel will preserve the memory of that famous slum, and, what is still better, will help the student of the future to reconstruct not a little of its variegated and characteristic local color.

"Dolly Dillenebeck" is not the story of a maiden, as might be inferred, for Dolly is short for Adolphus, and the name is borne by a gilded youth who runs through his fortune in an incredibly brief period, and, after a season of convivial companionship with as disreputable a collection of deadbeats as Broadway can furnish, ends his wretched career in an asylum. He becomes successively famous as a "wine-opener," a society-newspaper publisher, and a "putter-up" for an actress, before his final disappearance from the scene, and his story becomes, in the clever hands of Mr. James L. Ford, a medium for the presentation of a good deal of cutting satire, and a number of rapid and realistic sketches of metropolitan types of character. The book does not introduce us to any very desirable society, yet the total impression is not as unpleasant as might be expected from this description, a fact largely due to the flashes of genuine humor that light up the pages of the narrative.

"Rose of Dutcher's Coolly" is a most unpromising title, and seems to symbolize an unnecessarily stern insistence upon the particular form of realism or veritism of which Mr. Hamlin Garland has so often made himself so outspoken and unamiable a prophet. The title introduces, moreover, a novel characterized by several noticeable defects, such as an obtrusive didacticism, a repulsive lack of reticence concerning those details of the sex problem that it should be the first principle of wholesome art to avoid, and a style that is often slovenly. We may illustrate the latter defect by such sentences as, "Rose received a note from her asking her to come over and see her," and "I would be a literary if I were not forced to be a newspaper man," which are examples taken almost at random. Of the other defects noted, we may say that the very nature of one forbids any attempt at illustration on our part, while the other is familiar enough to readers of the author's earlier imaginative work. But we are happy to say that Mr. Garland's novel is a better one than his theories would rationally account for, that the wanton nastiness of a few chapters does not prevent the book as a whole from exercising a singular power over the reader's imagination, and that the faulty style is in part, at least, offset by some striking word-painting of the impressionist sort, and by a vivid presentation of the vital moments in the life of the heroine. At times, as in the chapter called "Mason talks on marriage," or in the strong description of a storm on Lake Michigan, the reader ceases to be critical, and frankly gives himself up to delight in the display of genuine characterization, or poetic observation, as the case may be. The story centres about the life of a sin-

gle person — a girl who by sheer force of genius rises out of an adverse and benumbing environment to shape for herself spiritual freedom. The delineation of this character is warmly sympathetic, and displays a degree of insight nothing less than remarkable. It is in the creation of this character that Mr. Garland has achieved his success, a more notable success, to our mind, than anything to be found in his earlier books. And he may indite essays in iconoclasm by the score if he will only now and then, by way of proving his quality, project into our fiction a few more Roses — by any other name — hailing from Dutcher's Coolly or other localities of cacophonous designation.

"The Red Badge of Courage" is a book that has been getting a good deal of belated praise within the past few weeks, but we cannot admit that much of it is deserved. There is almost no story to Mr. Crane's production, but merely an account, in roughshod descriptive style, of the thoughts and feelings of a young soldier during his first days of active fighting. The author constructs for his central character a psychological history that is plausible, but hardly convincing. We do not know, nor does the writer, that it is what actually does go on in the mind of a man who is passing through his baptism of fire. It may be retorted that we do not know any the more that Count Tolstoi is giving us the real thing in his war-stories, or "Stendhal" in the "Chartreuse de Parme," but the descriptions in these books at least seem inevitable while we are reading them, and Mr. Crane's descriptions do not.

"A Singular Life" is perhaps the strongest piece of work yet done by the author of "The Gates Ajar." It is marred by the note of hysterical emotion, from which none of Mrs. Ward's books is quite free, and parts of it read too much like the unrestrained outpourings of the revivalist or "temperance" lecturer. But it has a fine simple theme to build upon — that of a clergyman who seeks to live the life of Christ rather than expound the doctrine by which theology has so successfully obscured the essential Christian spirit — and the idea is worked out in fairly symmetrical form. In one aspect, the book might be described as a tragic dramatization of the Andover Controversy; in another, as the story of an American Brand, devoting himself single-hearted, like his Norwegian prototype, to the work of saving souls.

The main impression made by Miss Dougall's new novel is that the author has tried to make too much of a single slender idea. What might have been an admirable short story of thirty pages has taken the shape of a rather tedious long story of some three hundred pages. The religious motive is not lacking in this any more than in Miss Dougall's other books, but the "Question of Faith" suggested by the title is not a religious question at all, being nothing more than a question of the amount of faith that a man should repose in the woman whom he expects to make his wife. There is room for casuistry in the treatment of such a subject, but the

author avoids using it, and presents her problem in a direct and matter-of-fact way that can admit of but one solution. When the end is reached, it seems as if a great deal of trouble has been taken to settle a very simple matter, and the sense of disappointment is inevitable.

We will bring this already overgrown article to a close with some mention of the two most important of recent translations of foreign fiction. Herr Drachmann, who is foremost among the living storytellers of Denmark, makes his first appearance before an English public with a pretty idyllic tale dating from his earlier period. "Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone," put into English by the late T. A. Schovelin, with the aid of Mr. F. F. Browne, is a charming addition to our collection of translations from the fiction of the Scandinavian countries. The story has the freshness, if not *naïveté*, that gives to so many of the products of Scandinavian fiction their peculiar charm, and is so well exemplified in the writings of Herr Lie. The work dates from the author's earlier period, before he went the way of nearly all the moderns and began to write about problems. Its publication should be followed by other translations from Herr Drachmann, whose place in contemporary Danish literature is a high one, if not the highest.

The transition from romantic idealism to "tendencious" realism, that has marked the career of such Northern writers as Herr Drachmann, Herr Lie, Herr Björnson, and Dr. Ibsen, is equally noticeable in the strongest contemporary writers of Southern Europe. It may be illustrated for this occasion by the "Doña Perfecta" of Señor Galdós, now translated by Mrs. Serrano. Mr. Howells, from whose mintage we cheerfully accept the needed word "tendencious" (*tendencioso* in Spanish), writes an introduction to the translation, saying, among other things, the following: "Up to a certain time, I believe, Galdós wrote romantic or idealistic novels, and one of these I have read, and it tired me very much. It was called 'Marianela,' and it surprised me the more because I was already acquainted with his later work, which is all realistic." But Mr. Howells does not admit that the author of "Doña Perfecta" has undergone complete conversion, and sorrowfully adds: "I am not saying that the story has no faults; it has several. There are tags of romanticism fluttering about it here and there; and at times the author permits himself certain old-fashioned literary airs and poses and artifices, which you simply wonder at. It is in spite of these, and with all these defects, that it is so great and beautiful a book." We are quite disposed to admit that the book is both great and beautiful, although not exactly for the reasons advanced by our critic with a hobby. We should say rather that the book has these qualities because its author has had the romantic training, and has kept to its essential method while at the same time gaining a firmer grasp upon the actualities of life. The religious bigotry of the provinces is the central theme of this remarkable

story, and the problem is attacked in the bitterness of spirit that comes from close familiarity with a phase of life quite as characteristic of an Iowa village as of a Spanish town. The universality of the problem makes the book far more than a local study, and gives it a place among the half-dozen best works of modern Spanish fiction.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Imaginary portraits of Sir Thomas More and his family. It is art of a peculiarly delicate and sympathetic kind by which a modern writer is able not only to show us how to understand the past, but also to show us how the past understood itself. Walter Pater and Robert Browning have special gifts for painting these imaginary portraits; but humbler writers, by a fiction of memoir or correspondence or journal, have also succeeded in drawing the great heroes as their contemporaries may be thought to have seen them. "The Household of Sir Thomas More," a work first published about the middle of the present century, belongs among the best things of this kind, although the author's name, by her own choice, has remained almost unknown, not appearing on the title-page of any of the numerous editions through which the work has passed, nor even being included in the recent "Dictionary of National Biography." In the Introduction to the new and beautiful edition just issued (imported by Scribner), the Rev. W. H. Hutton, B.D., supplies the very meagre information that the book came from the pen of Miss Manning, and that "almost all that her wishes suffer us to know is that she was sister of Mr. William Oke Manning, to whom she affectionately dedicated the fourth edition of her work; that she was never married; and that she was a genuine student and an indefatigable writer on historical and literary subjects." The style of this book—professing to be the journal of Margaret, the eldest and best beloved of Sir Thomas More's daughters—is in the quaint old English spelling and the prose forms of composition of the sixteenth century; and every detail of the present handsome edition is in keeping with these characteristics. The illustrators—Mr. John Jellicoe and Mr. Herbert Railton—have imbibed the spirit of the text; and the reader, aided by their twenty-five illustrations, feels that he does indeed see the home of him who was called "the best of all the English," with his family, in their habits as they lived.

Additional poems by R. L. Stevenson.

The volume of "Ballads and Other Poems" that completes the new "Thistle" edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson (Scribner) brings with it a welcome surprise in the shape of nearly fifty hitherto unpublished pieces of verse. Written for the most part during the past five or six years, and reflecting the new and strange environment in which

Stevenson found, or nearly found, the peace of soul he so long had sought, these poems reveal to us his ripest thought upon the vast themes of human life and destiny. Their brave undaunted temper is nothing new to us, nor their frank acceptance of whatever life might have in store. Reading these last poems, it becomes more difficult than ever to realize that the bright spirit that found expression in them has left us forever. Here is a noble and pathetic quatrain that would have been worthy of Lander:

"I have trod the upward and the downward slope;
I have endured and done in days before;
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door."

A strain more characteristic of the author is found in the following song:

"Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them.
Still they are carolled and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried."

"Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings,
And the maid remembers."

One more brief illustration may be given—a copy of verses written on the leper island of Molokai:

"To see the infinite pity of this place,
The mangled limb, the devastated face,
The innocent sufferer smiling at the rod—
A fool were tempted to deny his God.
He sees, he shrinks. But if he gaze again,
Lo, beauty springing from the breast of pain!
He marks the sisters on the mournful shores;
And even a fool is silent and adores."

*A new Life of the
German Emperor.*

That most interesting and important personage, the German Emperor, is the subject of the last number of the series of "Public Men of To-day" (F. Warne & Co.). The author, Mr. Charles Lowe, has already written biographies of Bismarck and Alexander III., and has shown in them excellent judgment and great familiarity with European politics. In the present volume we see these qualities to even better advantage, for the critical balance is held more evenly; the book shows full appreciation of the Emperor's good qualities without the warping effect of the enthusiastic admiration that marred the life of Bismarck. The author shows his journalistic training by the vividness with which he presents the many sides of William's character, but his style suffers from the constant effort to be vivid, as well as from too great a familiarity with German idiom and mode of expression. His figures are sometimes almost grotesque, and his choice of words extends from current slang to the recondite treasures of the unabridged dictionary. But these are minor blem-

ishes on an excellent presentation of the early life, training, and first seven years' rule of an extraordinary man. As the author says, the life of a monarch so near the beginning of his reign must necessarily be a torso. For this reason he has chosen the descriptive rather than the critical method, and has presented the Emperor's ideas and motives in the words of his own speeches. The picture shows William's self-confidence, amounting to an assumption of infallibility on all subjects; his extreme self-consciousness, his pride, restlessness, despotic tendencies, his almost insane fondness for his army and navy, his incessant speech-making and journeyings by land and sea. But it shows also his extraordinary energy, his versatility, his unceasing effort to keep the peace of Europe; it leaves on us the impression that beneath the froth of youthful vanity there are many solid qualities, though it may not persuade us to share the author's conviction that William is "gifted with such a striking combination of both mind and will as has distinguished no occupant of the Prussian throne since it was vacated by Frederick the Great."

*Idyllists of
the country-side.*

The subjects of Mr. George H. Ellwanger's six brief sketches, entitled collectively "Idyllists of the Country Side" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), are Izaak Walton and White of Selborne, Thomas Hardy and Richard Jefferies, our own Thoreau and Burroughs. Mr. Ellwanger, like many other writers, is most enjoyable when his language is simplest; for he has a large vocabulary of odd and unusual words, and in reading a book of this sort one does not care to keep an etymological dictionary at hand. This love of words for their own sake has led to the fault of spreading his language, of needless repetition. Moreover, he does not always make himself quite clear, and his grammar is not immaculate. Notwithstanding these blemishes, however, the book is an entertaining one; and although, as the author asserts, "an unbounded love for nature and a poet's eye . . . are alone the gifts of the gods," yet we believe that the first, at least, which often lies dormant in those who are city born and bred, may be developed by much reading of the true nature-writers. If Mr. Ellwanger shall have succeeded in drawing attention to some of these, his book has not been written in vain.

*Some literary
portraits by
D. G. Mitchell.*

The third volume of Mr. Donald G. Mitchell's "English Lands, Letters, and Kings" (Scribner) is not less readable than its two predecessors. Covering the period of Queen Anne and the two Georges, it includes, of course, some of the most interesting figures in England's literary history: the novelists, Richardson, Fielding, Miss Burney, Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth; the famous group of "The Literary Club," consisting of Dr. Johnson and his worshippers; the poets Crabbe, Cowper, and Burns, and the illustrious company known as "The Lake

Poets," with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb as its central figures. One is again struck with Mr. Mitchell's happy art of characterization, in noting how he succeeds in giving in a few lines a more vivid impression than the whole of some big biography furnishes. Take, for example, Miss Edgeworth: the entire two volumes of her recently published "Life and Letters" contain no such clever analysis of her life and work as the five pages devoted to her in this little book.

*Life and influence
of John Knox.*

In Miss Florence A. Maccunn's brief "Life of John Knox" (Houghton) we have an admirable sketch of the work of the great Scottish reformer, of the Reformation in Scotland, and of the miserable failure of the brilliant Mary Stuart as both queen and woman. The narrative moves straight on, with little of praise or denunciation, yet is so presented as to make the leading characters live before us, with their good and bad traits, their mistakes and their successes, and with their motives so far as their words or their acts have disclosed them. The grand and heroic qualities of Knox are appreciatively set forth, but the other side is not hidden, — the side that shows his arrogance, pride, ambition, harsh cruelty, and personal hatreds. But with all his faults, we are shown his wonderful influence for good upon the character of the people of Scotland, perhaps a greater shaping influence than any other man has ever exercised over a whole nation.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The historical text-books of Professor Philip Van Ness Myers have been favorably known to American teachers for many years. They certainly have no superiors for high school and college use, and it is doubtful if they are equalled by any of their competitors. Professor Myers has now issued a "History of Greece" (Ginn), upon the general lines of his earlier treatment of the subject, but expanded to more than double the length. The work is compact, up to date, and abundantly illustrated with well-chosen maps, diagrams, and cuts. "A Short History of Greece" (Macmillan), by Mr. W. S. Robinson, is a work of perhaps half the compass of the preceding, sparingly illustrated, but trustworthy and straightforward as to text.

A number of the lesser known writings of Defoe are collected in volumes fifteen and sixteen of the charming Dent-Macmillan edition of that author, and complete the publication. Our gratitude for this entirely satisfactory set of books should be shared about equally by the publishers, the learned editor, Mr. George Aitken, and the skilful illustrator, Mr. J. B. Yeats. The books form as pretty a series as has been seen for many a day.

The publication of Parts 23, 24, and 25 of "The Book of the Fair" (Bancroft Company) brings to its close that valuable and handsome work. These instalments discuss the special buildings of the foreign governments, with their contents, and the work of the World's Congress Auxiliary. A chapter follows on "Results, Awards, and Incidents," and then comes a final chapter on the

California Midwinter International Exposition, which was in some respects an offshoot of the Chicago Fair. An index completes the work, bringing it up to an even thousand pages. We congratulate Mr. Bancroft and his associates upon their work. The publication is not without some minor defects, but is, on the whole, extremely creditable, and very fully accomplishes its purpose.

Professor C. F. Bastable's work on "Public Finance" is so well known to students of the subject that little need be said of the new edition recently published (Macmillan) beyond remarking that the author's revision has brought the work fully up to date, adding many new facts and figures, new chapters on "The Maxims of Taxation" and "Death Duties," and a new subject-index. Even so recent a matter as the abortive income-tax law enacted by our last Congress is brought into the discussion, and offers only one among many illustrations of the timeliness of the new publication.

The "Arden" Shakespeare, published by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., is a new series of texts for school use. It is aimed in this edition "to present the greater plays of the dramatist in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar." This is the best of theories upon which to prepare a set of the plays, and the names of the editors inspire confidence. The volumes thus far published include "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," both edited by Mr. E. K. Chambers; "Richard II.," edited by Mr. C. H. Herford; "Twelfth Night," edited by Mr. Arthur D. Innes; "Julius Cæsar," edited by Mr. Arthur D. Innes (can this be the same gentleman?), and "As You Like It," edited by Mr. J. C. Smith. We may note at the same time the admirable edition of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," edited by Miss Katharine Lee Bates, and published by Messrs. Leach, Shewell, & Sanborn.

Dr. Charles Waldstein's inaugural lecture as Slade Professor of Fine Art in Cambridge University is published in a neat volume of 130 odd pages, by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Dr. Waldstein, treating his theme from the three standpoints of the production, the enjoyment, and the understanding of art, sketches what may be considered an ideal scheme of organization for university art study. The book is a most useful and suggestive one; and its point of view is timely.

"Washington a Model in his Library and Life" (Young & Co.) is the outcome of a lecture by Dr. Eliphalet Nott Potter, now extended and arranged in four parts. Dr. Potter has not the gift of clear and systematic presentation, but he has gathered together some good material concerning Washington's books and his way of regarding them and using them. Several times the author touches on an attractive topic — the present whereabouts of Washington's books; and it is to be hoped that he will be able to carry out his plan for treating this subject fully and in detail.

We have frequently had occasion to commend the "University" series of manuals, designed for the uses of the general reader and university extension student, and their excellence has often suggested the painful contrast that exists between these books and most of the books written for a similar purpose by an American scholar. Their aim "is to educate rather than to inform" — this is the keynote of their success, and the index of the contrast that we have suggested. Mr. J. W. Mackail's "Latin Literature" (Scribner), just added to the series, is one of the best of them all — a really

intelligent and delicately critical account of the whole subject within moderate compass. It is the work of a pupil of the late William Sellar, reflects much of the inspiration of his method, and may be unreservedly commended.

A trip to the Mediterranean offers an American the happiest means of escaping from the severity of a Northern winter, and the number of persons taking such a trip grows yearly. Under the title of "The Mediterranean Trip" (Scribner), Mr. Noah Brooks has prepared a brief guide-book for the use of travellers, including the Azores and Madeira in the itinerary. The book is useful as far as it goes, but it has the fault of most American guide-books in failing to give the exact and detailed information that one is so sure to find in his Baedeker. Again, illustrations in such a book are an impertinence where maps are lacking, and with maps this book is most pitifully supplied. To give the traveller a photograph of Athens when he wants a diagram of the streets is like giving stones for bread—a fact that cannot be too strongly impressed upon the consciousness of most guide-book makers.

It is safe to say that no prettier book for children has been published this season than "The Arabella and Araminta Stories," just issued by Messrs. Copeland & Day. The stories are by Miss Gertrude Smith, and they are embellished by fifteen illustrative designs, the work of Miss Ethel Reed. A charming introductory poem by Miss Mary E. Wilkins gives the book the happiest kind of a send-off. The title-page describes the book as belonging to the "Yellow Hair Library," which indicates, we trust, that it is the forerunner of others of like design.

"Brown Heath and Blue Bells" (Macmillan), a dainty booklet of Scottish travel-sketches from the pen of Mr. William Winter, forms a welcome addition to that graceful writer's familiar series—"Shakespeare's England," "Gray Days and Gold," and "Old Shrines and Ivy." The new volume contains, in addition to the twelve Scottish sketches, a half-dozen fugitive papers on various themes, besides several personal tributes (to Doctor Holmes, George Arnold, Fitz-James O'Brien, Jefferson, etc.), added, the author says, "with the feeling that admiration for fine spirits may fitly consort with remembrance of beautiful scenes." The merits of Mr. Winter's delicate and lucid prose are familiar to our readers; and we need only say of the present volume that it fulfils the fair promise of its predecessors.

A book of "French Folly in Maxims" (Brentano) is a collection of seven hundred sayings, more or less epigrammatic, gathered from the literature which is most happy in such utterances, and translated and edited by Henri Pène du Bois. The names of Jules Janin, Coquelin, Paul Bourget, Alexandre Dumas fils, Francisque Sarcey, Jules Lemaitre, Joubert, Chateaubriand, Pierre Loti, Sainte-Beuve, Ferdinand Brunetière, Victor Hugo are an evidence that there is something beside "Folly" in these pages; neither is the sub-title "Of the Stage" strictly descriptive.

The Rev. S. Humphreys Gurteen's volume on "The Arthurian Epic" (Putnam) is a somewhat unscholarly attempt to trace the development of the Arthurian stories from their inception to the "Idylls of the King." The writer is quite unfamiliar with modern investigations on his subject, and the historical part of his book is therefore not to be treated seriously. The extended comparison between Tennyson and that poet's predeces-

sors in Arthurian fields resolves itself into this: when Tennyson follows Walter Map's lead, he is right; when he strikes out for himself, he is inartistic. The criticism of "Merlin and Vivien" is a fair sample of Mr. Gurteen's critical range. The poem is roundly scored on Christian grounds because Tennyson did not make Vivien the "female Galahad" that Walter Map intended her to be. Then follows several pages of *proof* that "Vivien of the Idylls no longer retains this character"! Further comment is unnecessary.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have reissued Mr. Conway's edition of Paine's "Rights of Man" in a separate volume.

"Yeast" and "The Water Babies" are the latest additions to the Macmillan "Pocket Edition" of Charles Kingsley's novels.

The memoirs of Mr. Locker-Lampson, edited by his son-in-law, Mr. Augustine Birrell, will shortly appear under the title of "My Confidences."

Volume X. of the Gibbings-Lippincott edition of Smollett's novels, containing "The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves," has just been published.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. send us a new edition of Mr. Arthur Waugh's "Alfred, Lord Tennyson," the most satisfactory life of the poet yet published.

"Ursole Mirouët," translated by Mrs. Hamilton Bell, has just been added to the Dent-Macmillan edition of Balzac. "Old Goriot" will be the next volume.

The United States Book Co. reprints in two paper-covered volumes its well-known editions of "The Prose Dramas of Henrik Ibsen," including eight of the modern plays, translated by various hands.

The long-promised Life of Agassiz, by his pupil and associate Jules Marcou, is about ready for publication by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. They will also issue immediately "England's Darling, and Other Poems," by the new laureate.

Lord Beaconsfield's "Sybil," and Captain Marryatt's "Peter Simple" are the latest works to be reprinted in the Macmillan edition of standard English fiction. Mr. H. D. Traill and Mr. David Hannay write introductions for the respective volumes.

A chapter on "The Mercantile System," translated from Professor Schmoller's "Wirtschaftliche Politik Friedrichs des Grossen," is the latest addition to Professor Ashley's series of "Economic Classics," published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

That clever politico-military brochure, "The Battle of Dorking," is reprinted in pamphlet form by Messrs. Way & Williams. Older readers will recall its remarkable vogue in England and America on its first appearance twenty-five years ago, and the drift of current events seems to make its reappearance hardly less timely and pertinent.

The Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, has published through Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. a volume of "Songs Chiefly from the German." The work of translation is gracefully done, reproducing much of the feeling and beauty of the originals. An index of authors is lacking to the volume, for which defect we find it difficult to account.

A second volume of the selection of "Lyrical Poetry

from the Bible," made by Mr. Ernest Rhys, has just appeared with the Dent-Macmillan imprint. Ecclesiastes, the Song of Songs, the Prophetic Books, and the Gospel of St. Luke are drawn upon for the contents of this volume, which thus supplements the earlier selection from the Psalter and Job.

A new edition of Professor A. E. Dolbear's "Matter, Ether, and Motion" (Lee & Shepard) contains three chapters hitherto unpublished, and embodies several corrections of the former text. The note of mysticism, apparent in the earlier edition, is still more pronounced in this revision, and puts the book, in part, into the category of metaphysical publications.

The progress of specialization in physical science has a striking illustration in the newest periodical publication of the University of Chicago. It is a quarterly devoted to "Terrestrial Magnetism," and the subject gives it a title. It is published under the auspices of the Ryerson Physical Laboratory, with much learned American and European collaboration.

The "Journal of Pedagogy," published quarterly at Binghamton, New York, is in appearance an unpretentious periodical, but it takes high rank among our educational reviews. Its contents are varied and dignified, while its editorial comment is serious in tone, advocating, as it does, progressive and praiseworthy ideals. No teacher who adds this excellent paper to his list will regret having done so.

"The National Review" has never been as well known in this country as the other three great English monthlies, partly because no effort has been made to distribute it, and partly because it has not had quite the power of its older contemporaries to secure the services of the greatest writers. But for all that, it is an excellent and readable periodical, and we note with pleasure that it is now supplied to American subscribers by the publisher, Mr. Edward Arnold, who has recently established a branch office on this side of the Atlantic.

"The Auk," which is the official organ of the American Ornithologists' Union, enters upon the thirteenth volume of its new series with the January number. It is one of the most creditable scientific periodicals that we have, and is of interest to more than ornithologists, unless we may give that name to all interested in birds. Publication is quarterly, and each issue contains a highly-attractive colored plate. Mr. L. S. Foster, 35 Pine street, New York, is the publisher, as well as the agent of the Union for all its other publications.

The July-September number of the "American Journal of Archaeology," just published, contains three papers of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, an account of "Some Sculptures from Koptos in Philadelphia," an article, by the Rev. John P. Peters, on "Excavations at Nippur," and a rich miscellany of "Archaeological News." Two of the American School papers are by Mr. Edward Capps, of the University of Chicago, and treat, respectively, of the chorus in the later Greek drama, and of recent excavations at Eretria. The "Journal" is published quarterly by the Princeton University Press.

On the 25th of January, news was received in this country of the death of Alexander Macmillan, the younger of the two brothers who founded the great publishing house that bears their name. He was seventy years of age at the time of his death, and had retired ten years previously from active participation in the business. He made two visits to this country, the sec-

ond, in 1869, leading to the establishment of the American branch of the house. The business is now left in the hands of his two sons, Frederick and Maurice, of George, his nephew, of Mr. George L. Craik, and of Mr. George P. Brett, the latter of these gentlemen representing the firm in the United States. An American observer cannot help marking the close coincidence of this death with that of the senior member of the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Morley Roberts, whom some of our readers may possibly know as the writer of a few fairly clever short stories, has voiced in "The Saturday Review" his indignant protest against what he calls the "whining appeal to the authors of the United States" framed by Mr. Hall Caine on behalf of the London Society of Authors. He is kind enough to put aside the point, "which could be strongly urged, that there are no authors to appeal to on the other side of the Western Ocean," but cannot rest under the imputation of having been in any way concerned in such a demonstration of friendliness and good-will. "Those who sign this precious paper go on to say that we are proud of the United States. Sir, we might be proud of them; but to say that we are proud of them is to speak most disingenuously. Who can be proud of our connection with a politically corrupt and financially rotten country, with no more than a poor minority vainly striving for health? . . . If our literature is the only bond between us and this most ill-mannered country, it may be time for us to repudiate American copyright before the Americans repudiate it. But literature is no real bond, because not one American in a thousand, no, not one in ten thousand, has had his manners made less brutal by the most casual acquaintance with it." Bravo, Mr. Roberts! If we have not heard of you before, we have heard of you now, and are not likely to forget the lesson in international amenity conveyed by the courteous phrases of your disclaimer.

The first number of "Cosmopolis" has reached us, and amply fulfils our expectations. It is a monthly review in the three culture-languages, English, French, and German, published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Each number is to contain 320 pages, so that the purchaser really gets a good-sized English magazine, a good-sized French one, and a good-sized German one, all within the same covers. Among the contents of this January issue are the beginnings of serials by Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. Henry James; an acute critical study of "Othello," by Dr. Brandes; a piece of pure literature in the shape of "Le Chanteur de Kymé," by M. Anatole France; an essay on the Roman death-penalty, by Professor Mommsen, and papers by Herr Spielhagen, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Edmund Gosse, M. Edouard Rod, M. Francisque Sarcey, and several others. Besides these leading articles, there are series of "chronicles" which constitute perhaps the most noticeable feature of the publication. The political chronicles will appear monthly, one for each country; the three dramatic chronicles are to be written tri-monthly; while the literary chronicles will be bi-monthly for England and Germany, monthly for France. Mr. Andrew Lang and M. Jules Lemaitre are the literary chroniclers for France and England. We understand that occasional chronicles from other countries will appear, thus giving the subscribers to this periodical a fair conspectus of what is going on throughout the world of politics, literature, and art. We have long wished that someone would undertake such a publication as "Cosmopolis," and we heartily welcome the enterprise.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

February, 1896 (First List).

Baltimore. Stephen Bonsal. *Harper*.
 Bookbinding, Design in. S. T. Pridesaux. *Scribner*.
 Bryant, Poet and Politician. Frank B. Sanborn. *Arena*.
 Cave-Dwellers of Yucatan. Frederick Starr. *Dial*.
 Child, The, and his Fictions. Elizabeth Seat. *Lippincott*.
 Civilization in America, Some Aspects of. C.E. Norton. *Forum*.
 Colorado Health Plateau, The. Lewis M. Iddings. *Scribner*.
 Drinks, Modern. James Knapp Reeves. *Lippincott*.
 Electricity, Historical Development of. W. M. Stine. *Dial*.
 Estates, Unclaimed. H. Sidney Everett. *Atlantic*.
 Fiction, Recent. William Morton Payne. *Dial*.
 Food and its Use. Thomas G. Allen. *Chautauquan*.
 French Academy, The. Henry Houssaye. *Forum*.
 Fur-Seal, Passing of the. Henry L. Nelson. *Harper*.
 Heine-Fountain Controversy, The. William Steinway. *Forum*.
 High School, Future of the. F. W. Kelsey. *Educational Rev.*
 Insanity, Premonitions of. Forbes Winslow. *Harper*.
 Jew, The Modern. *Dial*.
 Madness as Portrayed by Shakespeare. Forbes Winslow. *Arena*.
 Mexico. Walter Clark. *Arena*.
 Mind, The Science of. Joseph Jastrow. *Dial*.
 Monetary Programme, Our. J. Laurence Laughlin. *Forum*.
 Monroe Doctrine, The. James A. Woodburn. *Chautauquan*.
 Mount Ararat, Ascent of. H. F. B. Lynch. *Scribner*.
 Presidency, The, and Mr. Reed. *Atlantic*.
 Public School Ethics. Preston W. Search. *Educational Rev.*
 Roosevelt, Theodore. Franklyn Morris. *Chautauquan*.
 St. Clair's Defeat. Theodore Roosevelt. *Harper*.
 Style, Paralyzers of. Frederic M. Bird. *Lippincott*.
 Tennessee Bird Notes. Bradford Torrey. *Atlantic*.
 Theosophy, Scientific. Joseph R. Buchanan. *Arena*.
 Turks in Armenia, The. Francis De Pressensé. *Chautauquan*.
 Universities, Medieval. B. A. Hinsdale. *Dial*.
 Venezuelan Crisis, The. Theo. S. Wolsey and others. *Forum*.
 Victoria, Queen and Empress. Sir Edwin Arnold. *Forum*.
 Washington, Footprints of. H. H. Ragan. *Chautauquan*.
 Women, Higher Education of. John Tetlow. *Educational Rev.*
 World, First Days of the. H. B. Bashmore. *Lippincott*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 68 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

HISTORY.

Ironclads in Action: A Sketch of Naval Warfare from 1855 to 1895. By H. W. Wilson; with Introduction by Captain A. T. Mahan. In 2 vols., illus., 8vo, gilt tops. Little, Brown, & Co. \$8.
 Studies in Diplomacy. From the French of Count Benedetti, French ambassador at the Court of Berlin. With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 323. Macmillan & Co. \$3.
 The Development of Parliament during the Nineteenth Century. By G. Lowes Dickinson, M.A., author of "Revolution and Reaction in Modern France." 8vo, uncut, pp. 183. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.50.
 The Egypt of the Hebrews and Herodotus. By the Rev. A. H. Sayce. 12mo, uncut, pp. 342. Macmillan & Co. \$2.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Life of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. By Edmund Sheridan Purcell. In 2 vols., with portraits, 8vo, gilt tops. Macmillan & Co. Boxed, \$6.
 The Life of Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., President of the Royal College of Physicians. By William Munk, M.D. With portraits, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 284. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$4.
 Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Study of His Life and Work. By Arthur Waugh, B.A. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 268. Macmillan & Co. \$2.
 Charles XII., and the Collapse of the Swedish Empire, 1682-1719. By R. Nisbet Bain, author of "Gustavus III. of Sweden." Illus., 12mo, pp. 318. Putnam's "Heroes of the Nations." \$1.50.

The Second Madame: A Memoir of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchesse d'Orleans. By M. Louise McLaughlin. 12mo, uncut, pp. 172. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Ladies' Book-Plates: An Illustrated Handbook for Collectors and Book-lovers. By Norma Labouchere. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 358. Macmillan & Co. \$3.
 The History of Oratory from the Age of Pericles to the Present Time. By Lorenzo Sears, L.H.D. 12mo, pp. 440. S. C. Griggs & Co. \$1.50.
 The Age of Dryden. By R. Garnett, L.D.D. 16mo, pp. 292. Macmillan & Co. \$1.
 A Handbook of German Literature. By Mary E. Phillips, L.L.A.; revised, with Introduction, by A. Weiss, Ph.D. 12mo, uncut, pp. 157. Macmillan & Co. \$1.
 Lyrical Poetry from the Bible. Edited by Ernest Rhys. Vol. II.; with frontispiece, 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 199. Macmillan & Co. \$1.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry. In 10 vols. Vols. VI., VII., VIII., IX., and X.; each, illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut. Stone & Kimball. Per vol., \$1.50.
 Ursule Mirouët. By H. de Balzac; trans. by Clara Bell; with Preface by George Saintsbury. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 259. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.
 Sybil; or, The Two Nations. By Benjamin Disraeli; with Introduction by H. D. Traill. 12mo, uncut, pp. 455. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
 Peter Simple. By Captain Marryat; with Introduction by David Hannay. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 493. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
 Sir Launcefot Greaves. By Tobias Smollett; edited by George Saintsbury. Illus. in photogravure, 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 286. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.
 "People's" Edition of Tennyson. New vols.: Will Water-proof, and The Princess, Part I. Each, 24mo, uncut. Macmillan & Co. Per vol., 45 cts.
 The Water-Babies. By Charles Kingsley, "Pocket" edition; illus., 18mo, pp. 202. Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.

POETRY.

The Father of the Forest, and Other Poems. By William Watson. With portrait, 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 59. Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.
 Fleet Street Eclogues. By John Davidson. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 218. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.
 Poems. By Ernest McGaffey. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 267. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

FICTION.

Strangers at Lisconnel: A Second Series of Irish Idylls. By Jane Barlow. 12mo, pp. 372. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.
 A Self-Denying Ordinance. By W. Hamilton. 12mo, pp. 294. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.
 A Point of Conscience. By Mrs. Hungerford ("The Duchess"). 12mo, pp. 311. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.
 Her Own Devices. By C. G. Compton. 16mo, pp. 243. Edward Arnold. \$1.
 A Daughter of Humanity. By Edgar Maurice Smith. 12mo, pp. 317. Arena Pub'g Co. \$1.25.
 Christian and Leah, and Other Ghetto Stories. By Leopold Komper; trans. by Alfred S. Arnold. Illus., 16mo, uncut, pp. 246. Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.
 The Paying Guest. By George Gissing. 18mo, pp. 191. Dodd, Mead & Co. 75 cts.
 A Jesuit of To-day. By Orange McNeill. 16mo, pp. 146. J. Selwin Tait & Sons. \$1.
 Uncle Jerry's Platform, and Other Christmas Stories. By Gillie Carey. Illus., 12mo, pp. 56. Arena Pub'g Co. 75 cts.
 The New Centurion: A Tale of Automatic War. By James Eastwick. Illus., 12mo, pp. 93. Longmans, Green, & Co. 40 cts.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

U. S. Book Co.'s Lakewood Series: Ibsen's Prose Dramas, trans. by William Archer and others; in 2 vols., 16mo, per vol., 50 cts.
 Macmillan's Novelists' Library: The Last Touches, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford; 12mo, pp. 269. 50 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

- The Key of the Pacific, the Nicaragua Canal. By Archibald Ross Colquhoun, F.R.G.S. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 443. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$7.
- Twelve Hundred Miles in a Wagon. By Alice Blanche Balfour. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 265. Edward Arnold. \$3.50.
- Aux Etats-Unis. Par Dr. Auguste Lutaud. 12mo, uncut, pp. 300. Brentano's.

FINANCIAL AND ECONOMIC STUDIES.

- A Treatise on Money and Essays on Monetary Problems. By J. Shield Nicholson, M.A. Third edition; 12mo, pp. 431. Macmillan & Co. \$2.
- A History of Money and Prices. By J. Schoenhof, author of "The Economy of High Wages." 12mo, pp. 332. Putnam's "Questions of the Day Series." \$1.50.
- The Mercantile System and its Historical Significance. By Gustav Schmoller. With map, 16mo, pp. 95. Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.
- An Up-to-Date Primer for Little Political Economists. By J. W. Bengough. Illus., 16mo, pp. 75. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 25 cts.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

- The Apostolic Age of the Christian Church. By Carl Von Weizsäcker; trans. from the second and revised edition by James Millar, B.D. Vol. II., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 425. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.
- St. Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen. By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L. 8vo, pp. 394. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.
- The Victorious Life. By Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe; edited by Delavan L. Pierson. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 208. Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.25.
- The Wise Men of Ancient Israel and their Proverbs. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 208. Silver, Burdett & Co. \$1.25.
- The Upper Room. By John Watson (Ian Maclaren). 18mo, pp. 128. Dodd, Mead & Co. 50 cts.
- The Christian Endeavor Hour. By Thomas G. F. Hill and Grace Livingston Hill. 12mo, pp. 63. F. H. Revell Co. 15 cts.

SCIENCE.

- The Sun. By C. A. Young, Ph.D. New and revised edition; illus., 12mo, pp. 363. Appleton's "International Scientific Series." \$2.

REFERENCE.

- Longmans' Gazetteer of the World. Edited by George G. Chisholm, M.A. 4to, pp. 1788. Longmans, Green, & Co. Boxed, \$12. net.
- Names and their Histories. By Isaac Taylor, M.A., author of "Words and Places." 12mo, pp. 392. Macmillan & Co. \$2.
- Governments of the World To-day: An Outline for the Use of Newspaper Readers. By Hamblen Sears. 12mo, pp. 418. Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent. \$1.75.
- The Daily News Almanac and Political Register for 1896. Compiled by George E. Plumb, A.B. 12mo, pp. 452. Chicago Daily News Co. 50 cts.

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- The Arabella and Araminta Stories. By Gertrude Smith; with Introduction by Mary E. Wilkins. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 103. Copeland & Day. \$2.
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